

CAVALCADE

MAY 1



★ Cavalcade's exclusive film story in
pictures: **OUT OF THE PAST**

PAGE 78

Stamina
Trousers
SELF-SUPPORTING

*Tailored from
a top coat
crusader
cloth*

Cavalcade

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THE NEW

DUNLOP

OVER
90

THE GREATEST CAR TYRE EVER BUILT

Tale of the days when boredom led boys to crime and force was the remedy.



THE PUSHES BROKE and FLED

BEL KNOX

IT was during that period that our elders nostalgically describe as the "halcyon days"—the end of the Edwardian period and the beginning of the reign of George V—that Victoria's most spectacular police patrol came into being.

Black Jack Johnson had beaten Victoria's heavyweight prize in the posting ruin at Richmond racetrack and had gone on to Sydney to beat Tommy Burns in pulp and take the heavyweight pugilist crown from him.

And around every pub corner in the mean streets of Melbourne's inner

suburbs, sporting into the gutter, molesting passing women, "volting" drinks, holding up boxing wage earners on pay nights, standing over the pubs and taking their toll from their mells who plied the world's most deary trade in Little Bourke Street, Little Lonsdale Street and Latrobe Street, lurked the most sinister portent of the times—the flash lads.

In the deary little suburbs with the mean little streets that now constitute the slums of inner Melbourne, there was nothing to relieve the monotony for high spirited youngsters.

IN spite of wartime restrictions, disturbed through street-dump and waste incineration, and through U.S. consular action, the crime record in Europe first America is suffering a near doubling. For the past year, twelve times more the Atlantic have been including large quantities of sex and peddling even in these happy, only to have it taken from them in the American and not destroyed. Even if these were a thousand, crimes more than one in a hundred people, the most would still be treated that way as a previous time means prevent the introduction of crime diseases.

So they congregated round the pubs, the billiard saloons and the brothel areas, increasing the densities for all who used the streets after dark.

The police patrolled in couples in the infested areas, but the hospitals often worked overtime at week-ends patching up damaged coppers.

They wore peg topped trousers, tight fitting coats with padded shoulders, bowler hats, polio and patent leather button up boots with dull lad uppers, fish ties.

They dabbled the knife or revolver as weapons, but the black jack, the sling shot and knuckle dusters were stock armaments.

They had the police worried, but at last Commissioner Tommy O'Callaghan and Superintendent Nicholson (later Commissioner), hit on a plan.

They sent for the toughest cop then in Melbourne, Sergeant (later Superintendent) Matt Campbell and asked him to take over the job of suppressing the pushers.

He was given a very fine hand. After a painstaking search throughout the force Campbell selected ten of the toughest cops he could locate—every man a proved bare knuckle fighter, every man game as a pig.

They went into strenuous training before starting on the clean up.

These men carried no handcuffs, no revolvers, no batons. They were strictly engaged that as arrests, fines, and imprisonment had not alleviated the push markets they were there to smash the luncheon with their fists.

These were not official instructions—they were told from headquarters that their job was to remove the luncheon market by the most expeditious means.

Soon they became known and feared by the mobs as "The Terrible Ten" a walking patrol liable to sweep at any time on unsuspecting push members going about their unlawful concerns.

They first made a surprise attack on the Beaussons, whose stamping ground lay in a rough line between the Carlton Brewery and Melbourne University southern boundary.

The Terrible Ten arrived in the midst of a pitched battle between the students and the mob, which was trying to steal the iron topped fence round the plot of ground where the Engineering Faculty Buildings now stand.

Twenty minutes later the mob was flying. Night after night the ten policemen returned to the area and any luncheon who did not go instantly as he was told, was made very sorry for himself. The Beaussons faded from the scene inside a month.

The Hungry Seventy Two (so

called because on one occasion they put in three quarters of an hour before the official guests at an official banquet in a Melbourne suburb and ate everything provided for 72 guests), put up a long fight, but were beaten after a year long guerrilla engagement.

Gradually the Victorian police defied to push across plain clothes policemen with fighting reputations, but the Terrible Ten were still the most feared and feared coppers in Melbourne.

"Hit where you see a luncheon's hand" was their slogan, and they punched to such purpose that by the time World War I broke out in 1914, the pushers had almost been debanded.

The war hastened their decline, as most of their members enlisted—one to win a V.C., a number to win commissions, hundreds to die on Gallipoli or in France and Flanders.

Sergeant Matt Campbell eventually became chief of the C.I.B.

His fighting ability was always

warranted in every part of Melbourne.

Once when he was officer in charge on fight nights he was sitting on the rampade near the corner of a heavy-weight who was having a somewhat torrid time.

During a spell the weary pug took a big mouthful of water and without sighting for direction shot the lot over old Matt.

Inside a few seconds Matt had his coat off and was getting through the ropes to deal it out to the careless one, when the stadium manager grabbed him.

"For God's sake have a heart," he said. "We can't afford to have you mauling that bloke about. We want him for a fight in Sydney in a month's time."

C. J. Dennis immortalized the Melbourne broken in his dialect verses, "The Sentimental Bloke," and "The Moods of Ginger Mick."

But when his verses were published the pushers were already dead—shattered by the fists of the Terrible Ten.



Better crowd far than humans, these
birds tear each other to pieces.

HAROLD POLLOCK



Bloodshed is Fun

IN Tahiti, much gloriosed, beautiful island, I witnessed a most degrading, disgusting, blood spectacle.

On a balmy, sunny Sunday afternoon I strolled along a banana-painted, slowly road two kilometers from Papeete. Naked brown Tahitian children played like healthy young puppies on the grass. The choice, fragrant perfume of a thousand exotic tropical flowers filled the warm air. Some 200 years ago, the missionaries of the "Bourne" had thought Tahiti paradise on earth. No wonder!

In a bend of the road I came upon a cosmopolitan, motley crowd of Chinese, Tahitians, French seamen,

and a few European civilians. It was a shady glade beneath tall, protruding banana palms. Tethered here and there with pieces of periwinkle (native bark string) and well out of reach of one another, were fighting cocks, birds moulded by cunning men into fighting machines. The people assembled were waiting to see the fight.

The growing tired argued loudly; the first fight was about to begin.

Birds are waged. Notes of large domination are scolded into grunting, sweaty sounds. Now and then a knowledgeable better, appraising looks over one of the birds.

Large brown eyed women are laying the odds as well as the men.

"Ore" (mare) the umpire shouts.

The first fight is about to begin, but no, not quite yet. The instead spurs, sharp and lethal looking, are not good enough for the owners, whose cocks will carry more money in the fight than they themselves could earn in six months of honest work. (The highest bet I heard of was one of 20,000 francs, \$120). So the spurs are trimmed with a tip (pocket knife), until they are as sharp as, and harder than, needles. The spectators have jammed themselves four or five deep round the 12 foot diameter ring.

The air is tense with excitement. The owners of the two cocks squat on opposite sides of the ring and fiddle the lustrous feathers as they await the signal to begin, when the birds will fight desperately to exhaustion and beyond.

"Ore," huses the umpire.

The birds are released. To my amazement, in an instant they shape up like two horses. Feet apart, a ring of feathers bristling from unsheathed necks, eyes burning with hatred, they move about each other.

After several feints, the black has a hold on the brown's scapula, naked neck. With beating wings he instantly makes mardana, downward swoop with his needle-sharp spurs.

The brown counters cleverly, and with tearing spurs drives black so he catches the other off balance for a moment.

The spectators roar approval, each segment of the crowd shouting advice to its fave.

"Pake" (kill), is the dominant cry.

They're close, these two cocks, so curiously, evenly matched that the fight will not be soon over. They

forever circle with necks locked, each seeking the fatal hold on the back of the neck.

The black pokes viciously, and gets a fine hold. He flutters his wings to bring his ripping spurs high to deal out terrific punishment. The brown recoils from the onslaught, his neck and head gory. They are gone, these two birds, unresisting. They are circling again. The brown gets his snake-like neck under the black's wing. From there he gets the effective back of the neck hold and quickly administers cruel punishment.

"Pake mare" (put out his eye), confidently howls the crowd. It seems almost as though the dumb birds understood, for the other recoils and one eye is obviously blind. He stumbles round the ring.

"Pe te mau" (he can't see!) gleams the yelling crowd. But the blinded bird is not done. He rights his opponent with his good eye, and moves into position. Necks are entwined and circling begins again. Confident now, the brown flutters in the air and tries hard to deal the knockdown blow. But he has misaimed a fraction. The black catches him off balance. He has now a fine hold, and forces the other's head to the gravel. Then his flashing spurs deal out horrible punishment.

I take my eyes for a moment from the bloody battle, and watch the spectators. The fire-eyed eyes of Orientals glint with satisfaction at the blood feast. Less demonstrative than the Tahitians, but somehow more cruel, seem the Chinese with their narrow eyes set in round, inscrutable faces. The Tahitians jump and yell with joy as ripping spurs and tearing beak, find their mark.

"I WAS looking through my old and battered copy of 'Alice in Wonderland' the other day, when a crumpled cheque fell out and lay at my feet. Thus on the top line was the date, May 14th, 1933. At the bottom was my father's signature in his fine, elaborate handwriting. Pay to the order of the Motion Picture, 91 23, upland John Meier" read the cheque, drawn on the Free Bank of Commerce, Pa. I picked it up and, standing there in what is definitely the smaller apartment in Hollywood, I felt again the presence of the black-robed man tapping out the rhythm for a small girl seated at an old piano, running the scales. I wasn't Lindeber Scott then. I was that small girl, a kid named Daisy Meier."

From PHOTOPLAY, the world's best motion picture magazine.

As the fight progresses so the rear of the crowd increases.

The air is a babel of Chinese and Tibetan, interrupted now and then with a sharp exclamation in French. With blood-dripping heads and gaping beaks, the cocks continue to spar, peck, and spar. Their movements become slower and slower as they tire. They fight more cautiously, more deliberately. One stream of renewed strength may now turn the crucial close battle.

The brown ferrets closely. Suddenly he seems a whirlwind of fury—he has the black by the neck, this once it seems as a death hold. Again and again he brings his rapping spurs into the scarlet meat that is his opponent's neck and head. The black bird desperately counters. Strength is leaving the other, and he in turn takes terrible punishment. Slowly he sinks to the ground. Wings outstretched, legs skinned, scarlet neck and head with one eye hanging by a piece of skin, he presents a hideous picture. With beak gaping for breath I feel

sure the spark of life is pulsing from him.

The crowd, now a howling ring of barbarians, already proclaims the black as winner. The black just manages to prop himself sufficiently to keep upright. But he is past interest in his battered opponent.

Grinning and exultant, his owner picks him up, feeds him and smooths the blood-soaked, ruffled feathers.

The unique points to the owner of the gruesome bird. He asks if he is through. The bandy-legged Chinese owner beckons him back. He picks up the cock.

The Chinese places the cock on the ground, and several spectators try to crowd in on him, but the unique masters shoo them back.

The half-blind bird manages to stay on his wobbling legs. The black is once more placed in position, but they both seem beyond interest in the fight and merely prop themselves, gasping for air and life.

The brown with a supernatural effort and flapping of wings, suddenly delivers a vicious sideways swipe. The

dis from the howling colonnade is terrific. The fight is over.

The black lies on the dirt as still as death, and dead I thought he was. The bow-legged Chinese whoops with delight, picks up his cock and admires mouthfuls of coconuts milk.

The utterly exhausted cocks are placed under a running tap. Blood is roughly wiped from hideous neck and head. The birds are placed on the ground beneath a business palm and forgotten.

Fresh birds take the limelight in the planned coconut-bread ring.

Five more bloody fights were waged that sunny Sunday afternoon, such as horrible as the first. Some of the game little cocks were blinded, two were killed, but all were cruelly wounded.

During the intermissions the spectators gorged themselves with sweet corn, bananas, juicy mangoes, cream and coconut milk sold by an enterprising Chinese from a stall.

No, I did not visit the cock-fights again. One gay spectacle is usually enough to satisfy the most blood-thirsty European.

"Mac Foster" is illegal within the precincts of Papeete Town, but why worry about the animals. The Chinese and Tibetans want the skills of the gruesome sport—the French authorities seem apathetic. The police never bother to peep aside outside Papeete town.

Any day, if you visit some of the sparsely backyards, you'll see patient Chinese, or fun-loving Tahitians training and preparing the fighting cocks.

For hours the birds are managed,

legs pulled, necks stretched. The cock is tossed into the air with a twist to help strengthen the legs and feet, and to teach him to gain balance quickly. He is manacled and oscillated for minutes at a time, and daily washed under a tap.

The sport is cruel from the start, and the game cock is subjected by the real-possessing man-animal to a life of torture from early childhood.

When your ship steers through the white smoking reef at Tahiti, and you hold your breath as you behold for the first time the magnificent mountains spreading their verdant down the beautiful valleys to the sea, remember that all is not beautiful in those enchanting valleys. The blood-baths of the cock fights take place in those same green valleys every Sunday afternoon.





Road to NOWHERE

Every man who crossed the bridge disappeared. Many corpses were found.

EVERY now and then the public is shocked by the spectacle of a one-man corpse van. Of such roadside marathons one of the most astonishing, in my opinion, is the case of the vanishing wayfarers on Mill Creek Bridge.

Nine men had ridden or walked over that bridge and never been heard from again. Searching parties had failed to find any evidence of guano. The only thing that was known was that from time to time somebody walked or rode across the mysterious bridge and was swallowed up as if by the sea.

A tenth victim was added to the list when Henry Bastian, a local farmer, called up the sheriff to report that one of his farmhands, Fred Kuschmann, had crossed Mill Creek

Bridge and—no, he hadn't vanished—but he had been driven from his home and killed. An accident? Well, there was something about it—"Fred was going to his home in Rock Island for a few days. He told me he was taking the shortest way, over the Mill Creek Road."

The sheriff recalled that on September 17 another farmhand, John Laurerbach, had taken the same short cut to Rock Island in order to save time, and had never been seen again.

"I loaned Kuschmann a horse to make the trip," Bastian went on to tell. "A little while after he had left, the horse came back with one broken stirrup, and some fresh blood on the tail. I was afraid something had happened to Fred. I'll admit

that I didn't like going over that road. But I thought it was my duty, so I hunched up another team and found him there."

The sheriff looked closely at the broken stirrup that was still attached to the dead man's left boot, and turned to the corner. The corner looked at the stirrup, then he turned to the body. He shook his head.

"That was no accident," he said. "He was beaten with some heavy instrument, possibly an axe or truck club."

There wasn't a particle of dirt on the stirrup. When a man is driven by a horse and dragged along the road there is sure to be some dirt on the stirrup, and this was a muddy, soggy road. Fred Kuschmann had been murdered.

Who killed Fred Kuschmann, and why? There was no money in the dead man's pockets. Robbery? Bastian told the sheriff that he had paid off Kuschmann before he left. That was eighty dollars, and he may have had other money on him, too. "It's the usual custom to pay a man before he leaves," he remarked. "My aunt saw me give him the money. I guess everyone around knew about the vacation," Bastian added.

Everyone knew, then everyone was a suspect. But every farmer in the neighborhood was gathered there at the moment, offering suggestions and trying to be helpful. Everyone, that is, except one. The sheriff noticed his absence. Harry Mason, Bastian's nearest neighbor, who had been very helpful when John Laurerbach disappeared, was conspicuous this time by his absence. He decided to have a talk with Harry Mason.

Proceeding along the main high-

way bordering Mason's farm, the sheriff stopped short. There in the middle of the road lay a man's black umbrella with a gold handle. The handle was covered with moist blood stains. Was this the murder weapon?

Mrs. Mason met him at the door. She was greatly disturbed, enquiring in a quivering voice if the sheriff had come to tell her something about Henry.

"He's been gone since four o'clock this morning," she cried. "I'm terribly worried. I know something has happened to him, something like what happened to all those others."

"Was he carrying an umbrella?" the sheriff asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Mason sobbed.

Fred Kuschmann had been murdered, probably with the same iron gold handled umbrella, at about five o'clock that morning. The sheriff looked grave as he explained the circumstances to Mrs. Mason. What was Harry doing up and around at four o'clock in the morning?

"I'll tell you," Mrs. Mason explained. "For years he's been trying to find out what's responsible for all those men disappearing, particularly John Laurerbach."

So—what was he doing up at four o'clock in the morning, the sheriff wanted to know.

"To dig," replied Mrs. Mason. "He got up at that time three or four mornings a week to dig in the ground at various places on both sides of the Mill Creek bridge, in the hope that he'd find John's body. He was sure he had been murdered."

"And where did he get that idea?"

"From Klem Sengel," Mrs. Mason replied. "Klem told him

that he had seen someone burying bodies near there."

The sheriff shook his head sadly. Klein Stengel, he knew, was regarded by everybody as a kind of harmless half-wit.

"What was Harry wearing when he left this morning?" the sheriff asked.

"It was an eccentricity of my husband's to wear a light overcoat, winter or summer," she replied. "Another, was to carry an umbrella no matter how fair the weather."

The sheriff knew of these two eccentricities of Mason's. So did everybody else in the vicinity. Henry Winters, a farmer who lived near the Mill Creek Bridge, knew of Harry's eccentricities and remembered them when the sheriff questioned him. He had heard a horse going over the rotary bridge early that morning and gotten a glimpse of the rider. It was Harry Mason, he said.

From all indications it was Harry Mason, all right. The sheriff would order to assemble a posse and go in search of the missing Mason. Just then he spied a young man in the crowd. It was Klein Stengel, the village idiot.

"Klein," the sheriff whispered, "I saw a body buried. I bet you didn't."

The blink four showed a trace of excitement.

"I did, now," he whispered back. "I saw a man buried—in the graveyard, this morning."

"I don't believe it," the sheriff said. "Show me where."

Klein led the way to the cemetery which adjoined Henry Winters' farm. He was trembling with fear

as he led the way to one of the graves. The sheriff knew that grave well.

It was the grave of Elmer Clayton, who had been buried there in proper order more than a month before. But a closer look revealed something odd about it. The mound did in fact look as if it had been freshly turned up again.

He knelt down and started to scoop up the dirt with his hands. His hand touched something! He drew back with a start.

When none of the dirt had been cleared away, there lay the dead body of—Harry Mason!

Harry Mason had been murdered with his own umbrella. And the murderer had left the umbrella where it would cast suspicion on Mason himself.

There was one interesting thing about the case, however. Mason was not wearing his overcoat when he was found in the grave. The killer, whoever he was, had removed the overcoat and worn it himself when he rode back across the bridge. That was when Henry Winters spied him and took him for Mason. Evidently the killer wanted to be mistaken for Mason. That meant that he was a local man, somebody who was familiar with Mason's eccentricities.

Going over the files on all the men who had disappeared over the Mill Creek Bridge, the sheriff discovered another interesting fact. Every one of the nine men had at one time or another worked for the same farmer. And the farmer was Henry Barton.

When the sheriff returned to the Barton farm, Henry was bustling logs in the miniature. They had

come down with cholera, he explained, when the sheriff asked him what he was doing.

"Do they bleed when they have cholera?" the sheriff asked.

"Bled? Of course not. What gave you that idea?"

"I got that idea because there's blood in the buggy in which you carried the dead hog down to the miller's," the sheriff said. "I found fresh blood, also, on the floor of the barn under a pile of straw. And why was it necessary to put a blanket over a dead hog? Was it a hog you wanted to conceal, or was it a dead man?"

Barton made a menacing move but he stopped when he saw the sheriff's hand go to the holster of his gun. What proof, Barton demanded, did the sheriff have to back up his suspicions?

"Harry Mason's body is all the proof we need," the sheriff replied. "He undoubtedly suspected you all along. You discovered him digging for his nephew's grave and you killed him. That gave you two bodies to dispose of, his and Fred Kuchmann's. You buried Mason in the Clayton grave. Then you evidently conceived the idea of the accident to

Kuchmann. You piled Kuchmann's body in the buggy and drove to Mill Creek Bridge. There you threw his body to the side of the road and attached part of a broken strap to his foot.

"You sneaked back to the barn, got the horse you said you loaned Ford, put on Mason's overcoat and rode back over the bridge. . . Then you turned the horse loose to find his way back to the barn. A rather complicated plot, but a clever one, Henry, only it didn't—"

A sudden change of wind blew the smoke from the miller's into the sheriff's eyes. At this point Barton balked and fled. The sheriff fired but Barton was out of sight by the time. A posse was quickly rounded up and later that night Henry Barton was found. He had hanged himself to a rafter in a neighbor's barn.

For weeks afterwards skulls and bones were dug up all over the place. Barton had been a one-man crime wave, a morose, madman murderer. And his motive? Who knows? Maybe it was to get back the money he had paid in wages to his beleaguered victims.





FATHER tells HIS SON

Traditions of French chivalry break up a scorching Australian business.

OF the de Tours family, not one now is alive in Australia. The story of how the six daughters came to be married and scattered through France and America, and of how the son met his death, is a truly another story. This chronicle tells how an adoring father almost became the murderer of his adored son.

Years before Hugh D. McIntosh built the Stadium at Ruskies Bay, I boarded for a few months at a quaint hotel adjacent to the park. The hotel is now converted into a block of flats. Pierre de Tours (that name is the only bit of fiction in this story), ruled his half-dozen daughters literally with a rod of iron. For he had lost his hand in an explosion when he was an officer on board a French battleship in the Mediter-

rean. To the stamp was attached an iron hook, apparently useless except for waving ferociously during his frequent fits of Gallic rage. The girls would flee to their bedrooms until Hortense, the eldest daughter, who acted as barmaid and who was the only one over to dare face the father when he was in a tantrum, would call out in French, "The storm is over." Her sisters, or rather half-sisters, would then unlock their doors, come out and go about their duties.

Pierre de Tours also had a son, young Pierre, a handsome strapping of nineteen years, with close-cropped Auburn curls, bright brown eyes and full red lips. Old Pierre, who worshipped young Pierre, had been four times a widower. That is to say, he

had had four wives, three of whom he had maintained honorably in diverse parts of the world. In his fanciful moments, he used to pretend that he could never make sure which daughter was the offspring of which wife . . . but of young Pierre he used to say, "My son is the son of Marie, and my Marie was the most beautiful and the most loving wife any man ever had." He forgot to mention that he had loved his Marie from an Algerian bazaar with stories of the future wealth of the de Tours when their ancestral estates had been restored to them. Marie gave birth to young Pierre in Sydney and a few months later eloped with an Irishman who was touring Australia. She left a note for old Pierre, the sense of which in English was, "I believe your de Tours chateau is a castle in Spain and I do not wish being married, the chastelaine of a fifth-century Australian pub." The daughters reared the baby, helped to spoil him and now that he was near manhood, still waited on him hand and foot.

Pierre junior never worked. While the daughters, from Hortense the eldest, to Lucile the youngest, constituted the hard-working staff of the hotel, young Pierre's only regular duty was to converse in French every morning with his father, as they sat on the rear verandah overlooking the bay. Old Pierre had a muddled idea that his son would some day go to France and occupy the de Tours ancestral chateau after sundry business legal difficulties had been overcome. Hence his insistence on young Pierre—and the daughters, too—always speaking French during family parleys.

Young Pierre dressed well and always had money in his pocket. He was seldom home before midnight and by the time he was nineteen had earned among his cronies, an envied reputation as a successful gambler. When some conventional bodybody brought to the father the story of the son's first *affaire de coeur*, the old man shook his money locks and roared with laughter. Young Pierre was then sixteen. His father delighted in every rumor of a fresh conquest.

Suddenly the young fellow became a moose anchorer. Rarely did he go outside the hotel. For a few weeks his father did not seek his confidence. But one moonlit summer night, as the gloomy youth slumped on a bench on the rear verandah, listlessly feeding his father's pet monkey, a savage little pair who would allow no one, except the de Tours, father and son, to handle him, old Pierre came out from the door and sat on the bench. For a few minutes he was quite silent and then coarsely he began his interrogation. Here in English is the gist of the conversation, as I heard it that night through the open window of my bedroom.

"My son, what nia you?"
 "I am in love, my father."
 "But that is no reason for sadness. You have been in love many times in these last three years."
 "She does not love me."
 "Who is she?"
 "She is a dancer at Harry Rickard's theatre."
 "My god! And why will she not love you?"
 "I do not know. She laughs at me."
 "Eh, bien! Perhaps your old

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GOLD TO JAMIE.

Jamie's a girl who's truly smart,
With housework her hands
she's not spoiling,
Unlike Mary, and Martha, and
Annie too,
She gets along fine without
tiring.
For Jamie, you see, is the gold-
diggling type,
In spite of her courtmaiden
rings.
No romance eh! budget brings
tears to her eyes,
For Jamie gets paid by the
Week.

calls on his father's friends. The old man stood up to it gallantly while he could. The revenue from the hotel was badly depleted. At last the old man was forced to tell his son that the "affair" must come.

There was peace in the de Tours household for two months. Young Pierre even settled down to sewing in the bar occasionally. But business grew steadily worse. The rival hotel was winning the contest for custom.

The father banked his money only once a week. The takings during each week were kept in a big cash box which the old man had under a pile of linen in his bedroom wardrobe. The money was banked every Monday morning.

One Saturday night, after the bar had been closed at 11 p.m., loud yells from the old man's bedroom brought three or four of his daughters running to discover what was the matter. They found their father, his eyes rolling, as he held the empty cash box, open, in his right hand, and dashed the air with his look.

"I have been robbed!" he screamed. "Twenty pounds gone! Do any of you know anything?" Glaring madly, he advanced towards them, the book upraised. They huddled together, terrified, in the doorway. Horneau bravely walked into the room.

"I believe you," he said. In a dull tone he asked, "Where is Pierre?"

"He went to town immediately after dinner," said Horneau.

"Not a word to him when he returns," he commanded. "Go to your rooms." As they retreated, they

heard their mother in agony. "My god, my god, a son to rob his father. It is too much. I shall kill him!"

Again terrified the daughters fled to their rooms. Half an hour later they heard their brother staggering through the hallway. Sadly his father appeared in the passage with a lighted candle in his good hand.

"Come into my room, Pierre." He spoke quietly but there was a menace in his voice that instantly sobered the young fellow. Turning, the son followed the father into the bedroom. The door closed. What followed was told me by Horneau, who had asked up courage enough to creep into the hallway and listen outside the door.

"So. You are a thief. You have stolen twenty pounds from your own father to waste on that worthless dancer."

"No, father."

"What? You would lie to me! Good-for-nothing pig, you are no son of mine. I am going to kill you."

The daughter, crouching at the door was too horrified to move. She

heard her half brother pleading for his life. She heard her father shout curses at his son. Then old de Tours suddenly wheeled round.

"Do not die, my son, with a lie on your lips. Tell me the truth. You took the money?"

"Yes, father."

"After promising me to give up that barge?"

"But I did not spend it on his, father."

"Hil! Then on whom?"

"On a French girl who has come to dance at the Town."

There was a long silence before the old man spoke, very mildly.

"That is a different matter, my son. You are forgiven. But for the future you must not steal. You must come to me and you shall have what can be afforded. Now tell me . . . what is she like? . . ."

Within five minutes the daughter heard her father laughing heartily, as young Pierre in a low tone gave him his confidence.

Horneau went quietly back to bed. The danger was past. There would be no murder.



A LIFE on the OCEAN FLOOR

MARIE J. FANNING

A WOMAN and her small daughter sat close together on the lower deck, their hands tightly clasped. Near them were two men, a schoolboy, three women. They all wore holiday clothes, for it was a seaside-bound ferry. In the forward cabin there were many people. A man sat with his back to the wall but reading glasses resting on his nose and a newspaper on his knees. Two young girls of seventeen or eighteen were in a little group with two boys of the same age. One of the boys had a cigarette in his knee and his arm was around the girl next to him. There were young women, elderly women, businessmen on holiday, children. A man sat with his gold watch in his hand, but he wasn't looking at the time. No one was moving or speaking or smiling. All these people were dead.

The ferry, in two jagged, curved sections, rested on the bottom of the



Rescuing the "Greyfriars" dead was only one of many underwater jobs

sea. It had been sudden. First, the anguished wailing, the sound of tearing and grinding as the ferry was cut in half, then its unbelieveably swift disappearance beneath the water.

This was the tragic sinking of the "Greyfriars" in Sydney Harbour in 1927, after it had been struck by the liner, "Taklin." There were survivors. Passengers jumped from the decks before the vessel went down, and some of them managed to float or swim until they were picked up by the rescue boats that hurriedly put out from the mainland. But there had been no escape for those trapped in the cabins and for those who had only just reached the decks as the ship went under.

Although it is over twenty years since the "Greyfriars" tragedy, Bill Harris, one of the two divers sent down to recover the bodies of these people within a few hours of the disaster, has never forgotten the grim

unforgettable scene that awaited him.

Now 76-year-old and living in quiet retirement after 40 strenuous years of diving, Mr Harris says that the "Greyfriars" job was the most nerve-racking of any he tackled. It took two full days to get all the bodies clear.

To be a successful diver, a man must be strong and healthy, have good powers of endurance, and be, of necessity, a professional tradesman. The average life of a diver is not a long one, frequently his lungs are permanently affected by the constant pressure of the water in which he is submerged. Bill Harris, however, has shattered medical theories and stereotypes by his obvious good health and robustness after so many years of continual diving.

Harris did not become a diver until he was 26. He started work at 13 as a Newcastle coalman, but at 20 he went to Queensland and spent six years doing odd jobs in labouring and carpentering. While working on a bridge over the Fitzroy River, Harris was "dressed" into becoming a diver. The engineer in charge was worried because the diver he had engaged had not arrived. The work had to go on, so he called for volunteers. No one seemed anxious to go into the water. He asked Harris. Harris said, "No."

After the engineer had left them, Sherry, Harris's mate said:

"Gee, you're scared. Why don't you try it?"

Harris didn't hesitate. He went after the engineer.

"All right, I'll do it," he told him. "But only on the condition that Sherry goes down first."

Sherry went first, but he didn't like it. Harris went down and by the time he came up again he had made up his mind he was going to be a diver. Harris then joined the Maritime Services Board in Sydney and worked with this body until his retirement at 63.

A diver knows that danger lurks at the bottom of the sea. Every time he descends into the watery depths, he wonders just how close it will come to him and in what form. It might be a voracious fish, a jagged rock or a tangled lifeline. His only protection is his own wits and a long, sharp-pointed spear.

Harris has had many escapes, some of them bordering so close to disaster, that his diving mates gave him the name of "Lucky Bill Harris."

At one time he had gone down from a small vessel anchored near North Head in Sydney Harbour to recover a section of pipe. The tide was running strong but the water was clear. Harris had just located the pipe and was about to signal for a rope when he saw an enormous shark approaching. It was about 16 feet in length. Harris knew he hadn't time to get to the surface, so he stayed where he was. The shark came nearer, staring at the diver anxiously.

For a moment it hesitated, then swam slowly past him. It wasn't a pleasant experience, but a few seconds later Harris had signalled for the rope to continue his work.

"You don't think too hard about things like that when you've got a job to do," Harris said. "You have a narrow shave, but you've just got to forget about it."

A portion of Darling Harbour was

BIOGRAPHY OF A POET.

The poet lived in friendless poverty,
 Secluded and unknown, but seeking fame,
 Which ever beckoned as a guiding flame
 Beyond his wilderness of misery.
 His sweetest songs of subtle phantasy
 He gave the world, their promise to procure;
 Nor did they hold a thought deserving blame,
 So perfect was their flowing harmony.
 The world received them, at a single breath
 Speaking their failure, casting them aside
 As worthless fare for it to contemplate
 But when the broken man sought peace in death,
 The world conceived his worth, and mourned, and cried,
 "Behold! He is immortal!"—all too late!

being cleared with a grab-dredge a few years ago. Harms was in charge of operations below the surface. As he stooped to shift some rubble, the dredge came too close and cut the snapper from his helmet. Harms was knocked to the ground, but he managed to roll over and pick up the end of pipe. Thus he held into position on his helmet and pulled himself to his feet. He signaled for his line to be pulled up, but it had slackened and become entangled with the dredge. The signal wasn't received.

Harms knew there was only one chance for him. He hung on to the pipe, loosened the air-valve on his helmet to increase the flow of air, and blew himself to the surface like a cork.

A diver's wardrobe is a weighty affair. He dons first a suit of blubber-lined weighing 7 lbs. Leads with a total weight of 48 lbs. are then attached to his chest and back to keep him on his feet and to lower him into the water. His corker and helmet weigh 21 lbs and his boots

35 lbs. When a diver disappears in to the water, he is carrying just on 1 cwt. of gear and clothing.

A 1-in. diameter life-line is connected from the diver's helmet to a 3-cylinder pump above the surface, and the pressure of air pumped is at the rate of half a pound per square inch to every foot of water.

Where the depth of water is not too great, divers can stay for lengthy periods under the water. Harms and other divers have worked continuously for eighteen hours repairing piers at the busy wharves in Sydney with only fifteen minutes breaks in every two hours. They would be 10 ft. of water. With a depth of 60 to 100 feet, a diver must come to the surface gradually and in several stages, because of the heavy pressure. He sometimes takes 30 to 60 minutes.

Bill Harms and the most spectacular under-water recovery he came across was in the vicinity of Nelson's Point. Here the water is clear above a rocky bottom. There are deep gorges with a drop of 25 or 30 feet.

8 feet in width, and with massive growth covering the high walls. There is also a number of small caves measuring 6 ft. across the entrance and extending 10 or 12 feet. Fish are plentiful here, and whenever he was in this region, Harms was able to put his spear to good use. Once he speared a 24 lb. Jew fish. On another occasion he came across a 5 ft. shark asleep between two rocks.

A wide variety of articles has been recovered by Doctor Harms from the floor of the sea. Among them have been sashans, umbels, games and jewelry, cases of whiskey and sunglasses. Some years ago he was going down to recover a parcel of lumber in Black Waste Bay, when a man approached him and said he had lost a full set of false teeth near the wharf three weeks before. Harms wasn't too hopeful of finding them, but he agreed to look. He searched the sand near the wharf for ten

minutes and when he came up he had the teeth.

Harms has worked with the police on several occasions. He received an urgent call one day to bring his gear to Cook's River. The police were waiting when he got there. A man suspected of being the ring-leader in a large scale raw forgery, had been chased along the river bank. Before the police could catch up with him, however, he had stolen something from his pocket and thrown it into the water. Harms went down, and by groping around the spot indicated to him, he was able to retrieve the metal plate that had been used in the making of the notes.

Although he is 76, Bill Harms is still an active man. He is asked frequently for his recipe for a long and healthy life. His reply never varies.

"Good living and plenty of beer," he says with a grin.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

No. 43



UNCLE MIKE BOWS OUT

Boxing went high-high, made millions of dollars. Uncle Mike went with it.

THE careers of Pinzas T. Barran and Michael Strauss Jacobs are separated by almost a century, but in the case of each, the pattern of life was woven with bullfighting; but where it took Barran a couple of fortunas to earn the title of the World's Greatest Showman, Uncle Mike gained the distinction without even approaching nodding acquaintance with the bull.

For Jacobs, in addition to being a genius of promotion, learnt early a long year ago that it takes exactly 100 cents to make a dollar, and the knowledge has remained with him even though his promotion ventures run into a figure comparable with the Australian National Debt. Mike, with Tex Rickard, is regarded as the

co-purser of the Million Dollar Gate, and, also like Tex, much of his success has been due to an uncanny ability to recognize boxing talent in underdogs as Rickard was to Dempsey, Jacobs has been to Louis.

No one is more aware of this than Mike himself—a consciousness that probably prompted him to announce last January that he would retire from boxing promotion after the recent Louis-Walton bout.

"Joe and I," he said, "are going to bow out together."

It is almost impossible to talk about Mike Jacobs without mentioning Rickard, for it is generally agreed that Jacobs was the financial genius behind Rickard's successes.

The two men fell out when Tex,

in an effort to advertise the match between town of Goldfield in Nevada, omitted the boxing entrepreneurs of the day by staging the rough-and-tumble Gans and Nelson bout. A novice in the promotion field, he badly missed the mark so ably that the gate receipts mounted a record for a boxing match up to that time; and Mike, already possessed of a liking for boxing and a still greater love of lace, saw in Tex's methods an opportunity to add to his own then considerable fortune. They became firm friends, and between them promoted four boxing events in which the customers contributed over one million dollars for the privilege of witnessing title bouts. In each, the magnet was Dempsey, his opponents being Carpenter, Papo, and Turney, the latter twice.

When Rickard died in 1930, he left behind two very tangible monuments to his organizing ability—the mighty Madison Square Garden, and Mike Jacobs.

The Garden, caught in the depression, failed to prosper, but Mike Jacobs easily rode the storm until the arrival of better days. Mike's success has not been the result of a college education, for schooling was a strictly medieval feature of his youth. One of 10 children, his parents were German-Jewish immigrants who with complete ignorance of Irish clanism, took up residence in a part of New York that was traditionally reserved for uncles from the Old Sod.

The youthful Jacobs was consequently early indentured to the street-fighting game, and although it is not recorded that he achieved outstanding success in this field, it is

certain that the streety brawl is in him a certain attribute that has been helpful in his later career.

He went to work for a boss as soon as he was legally able to leave school, and because it worried him to realize that for every pound he carried his boss earned many more, he decided to become the exclusive owner of his own energies. He started by selling tickets to the Coney Island sideshows—not, however, at the recognized points of disposal, but at subway entrances in New York City. Rural vendors, read at this being installed, sought municipal protection, and an edict was issued that tickets hereafterward must be issued only from booths.

Mike overcame this obstacle by equipping his stall with portable booths of light cardboard. This innovation not only beat the edict, but enabled his wiles to make a quick getaway from rivals who believed in more direct methods than misological control.

Next, he secured entering rights at Coney Island, and such was the appetite of pleasure-seekers that when Jacobs was still on the right side of 30, he was reputedly sitting behind over half a million dollar. But ticket breaking was still in his blood, and he had learnt, furthermore, that the average New Yorker was keener on seeing any spectacle when tickets were apparently impossible to secure. Thus, by buying up most of the tickets for sporting and theatrical functions, he was able to raise their price to a point where they became extremely desirable to the masses. He supplied a new venue to this large-scale ticket scalping years later when, having taken

TWO desperate-looking strangers all over the world can meet to be pointed up by some device, some of these things, some of these papers. In this case, the holder of the paper is a bona-fide business advertisement in the local paper and the reader is bound to a couple who would not object to screaming at the night. Before they the man, receiving the telephone ring, and a woman's desperate voice came over the wire. "The next read your ad in the morning paper," she said. "Talk me, just how often would you require us to scream?"

over the control of the Madison Square Garden, he, as Mike Jacobs of the Garden said the most advantageous terms to Mike Jacobs, ticket broker, so that even the earliest comers were unable to secure any except at greatly inflated prices.

He is proud of the fact that he once sold for \$1,000 a pair of seats for the opera season which he had bought earlier for \$200.

His debut as a boxing promoter was in 1933 when he secured the right to put on for charity a contest between Barney Ross and Billy Petrolle. This annual charity bout is considered to be one of the choicest promotional tools for the trustees of the charity are broadminded enough to realise that no man can produce such artistic extravaganzas without certain promotional expenses.

The only flaw in the arrangement, as far as Jacobs was concerned, was that he lacked a stadium at which to stage the contest. Then was born the Twentieth-Century Sporting Club as an organization in which shared

are held exclusively by Michael Sennar Jacobs, and the offices of which were for some time under Jacobs' hat. The club secured the Drama Coliseum as its arena and Mike, never a man to spend a dime for the sake of a dollar, insured the success of the contest by generously tagging, else, the only other two stadia in the vicinity at which competitive events might be held.

Later, he moved on to the New York Hippodrome, where he promoted boxing, wrestling, roller and ice skating, tennis, hockey, and musical shows. His ambition, obviously, was to break the monopoly held by the Garden on such events.

In the meantime, with that uncanny flair for picking winners, he had signed up a fighter whom he had never seen in action, but who was later to become the greatest money-earner in the history of boxing.

The fighter was Joe Louis. It was the same Jacobs who fringed Louis into his world's championship by refusing to recognize Schmelling's prior right to meet Boudlack—a bit of skull chugging that sent the German home in a huff, to gain recognition by most of the European countries as the champion. It was Jacobs who cautioned those same countries, when they had almost completed arrangements for a title fight between Schmelling and Tommy Farr, by offering the Englishman double the endowment to box Louis for the title in America. It was Jacobs, too, who was most mortified, apart from Louis, when the German supposedly robbed the boxer of his glories by defeating him at their first meeting; and it was in keeping with the Jacobs' back-

that Joe became a bigger drawcard than ever when in their return match, the Germans was annihilated in the first round.

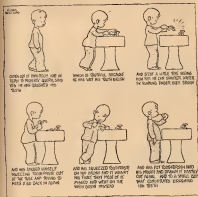
In short, what Rickard had performed for Duynpacy, Jacobs had done for Loxit.

Tough as an antagonist as he is in the professional field, the sharp-tongued, goggle-eyed Jacobs is considered to be an easy "touch" by sportslike boomers and trainers down on their luck. But he never gives money, muscle leads to—and the man

who doesn't kick back gets no more
loans.

Mike Jacobs lives imprudently with his wife, and has no hobbies, except promoting fights for money, keeping dogs, and following the career of Joe Louis.

The latter hobby is probably the one on which he in these days insists, that is why, perhaps, he and Joe will bow out together. When that happens, one of the colorful leaders of sport will become a legend.



EXPERIENCE

IN ITALY



Soldiers going into battle were told-
wise for an enemy child's delivery.

CEDRIC MENTILAY.

"YOU say doctors make me tired," trumpeted Dave, slammering his schooner down on the table with a controlled violence which almost spilled the few remaining drops. "You talk as if us country blokes are a bunch of morons that don't even know the facts of life. Where'd you get this know-all stuff from—standing in queues for amok? Any cow-cow could run rings round you if it came to dealing with a really vital problem!"

As the innocent retailer of the "Dad and Dads" libel which had provoked the outburst, Shorty twisted his glass and looked uncomfortable. Other members of the gang drifted over and joined the group, assessing a fight or a story. The Professor straightened up in his chair.

"An interesting assertion," he said mildly. "You maintain, Dave, that the countryside is the real sapientia. Can you produce evidence to support your case?"

Dave relaxed. His easy going grin spread again over his large old face. "My cash I can," he declared. "And for that last crack of his, the drinks are on Shorty."

Well, as you know, began Dave, I did my hitch with the Kwis, and with a northern battalion at that. Most of those blokes knew more than the average office boy or corner jumper about which end of a cow gets up first; but as a typical jotted one was outstanding.

He was large, awkward, and slow-moving, and he used to wander round swinging his army boots as if they weighed a ton or carried a load of

topsoil. This and his embittered good humour marked him for attention by our pan-in-the-neck of a drill sergeant, who was one of the last-year sarcastic kind.

The sergeant's best act, when our rubber had lumbered through some evolutions a couple of meters behind the platoon, was to put on a Simple Simon grin and plop around in front of us hanging onto the handles of an imaginary plough, and bellowing, "Hah, ha, I'm a cow-cow, I am. Fresh off the rumps. One foot in the furrow!" It was funny, too, if you were far distast of thing.

After a few repetitions, our worst recruit was persistently dubbed "Cocky." His full name was somewhere in the records, of course, but among names in a platoon you tend to forget even surnames. By the time the African show was finished and the Italian schematics was well under way Cocky's official handle had been lost in history. Strangely enough, nobody seemed to like his more than Cocky.

It was getting along towards the winter of '44 when we cracked through Rimini and out into the plains. We thought we were right, but the weather beat us. The little, deeply ditched Italian fields turned to a black, treacherous mud in which the tanks belled down and the four-wheel drive jobs sank to both difficulties. A cold, cutting wind came howling in from the Adriatic, bringing with it snaking, horizontal sheets of rain. With Jerry consorting every ditch, it looked as if we would be there till the spring.

On one such heavy day, Cocky and a cobbler were clamping across a sodden field with the rain beating on

their tin hats and gas caps. They were on a plank-leaving expedition, but I think Cocky had organized it just to enjoy the hourly feel of six inches of goo clinging to his boot soles.

Suddenly they heard a mousing noise coming from under a hedge-row. Huddled in a ditch, and getting what protection she could from the weather, was the shapeless form of a woman. She was speechless, but her white face was convulsed with pain. Drawing their eyes from scattered shell holes in the paddock, the boys reached for their field dressings and leaped into action.

The inspection was short but thorough. You don't stand on ceremony in an emergency.

"Hell!" exploded Cocky. "This ain't a Jerry job! The signora's gonna have a fairly-right here and now, by the look of it! She certainly picked a crook time!"

The other Dig, a guy type, turned white about the gills. A shell-plantar wound had no terrors for him—but this was something again.

"Who—I'll run for the doc," he whimpered. "We've got to do something! Get her under cover! She can't—I'll—"

"Pipe down!" commanded Cocky. "There's no time for that. Fairly's on the way. Give us your gas-cap."

"But—but—" gasped the guy man, struggling out of his cape.

"It's over to us," said Cocky calmly. "I don't know much about women, but I've helped things along in landing scenes, and cobbling. People's the same. Give us a hand with 'em, and slip this gas cap underneath. Can't drop the little blank in the mud?"

DISILLUSION

I sought a prize before my heart grew old,
And lived in high ambition's fantasy
Of cherished hopes for those sweet hours to be
When destiny would robe desire in gold.
While the four years in twist passion rolled,
Each day awakened brighter hopes in me,
Until my mind the glowing prize could see
More radiant than my eyes could e'er behold.
At last my wish was granted. I was fraught
With disappointment and resentful ire
That my long waiting such an end had brought.
Unlike the one that set my youth on fire
Better it were that I had never sought,
Or Had I still could live in sweet desire!

T W Nothor

Despite the rain which pattered on the upturned eaves, and the wind which howled through the hedgerow, the delivery went through quite smoothly. The woman was a healthy young peasant type, and was able to help the midwife deliver quite a lot more the early pains were over. Nevertheless both Kiwis were sweating profusely when at last Cocky straightened up gingerly holding a small red yelling form.

"A real little Missus," he commented. "Get 'in trap open before 'e knows what it's all about. Don't blame 'im though. Now for abber and the Doc."

Both were obtained in short order, though the shelter was merely a stone barn. The next doctor congratulated Cocky on his performance, though he shuddered a little when he heard of Cocky's previous experience in the field of midwifery.

But the farmer was not at all happy about things.

"We got responsibilities," he declared. "The little bloke has to have a far go. I'll see the boys about it."

He need not have worried. Finding that the advance was halted, the platoon plunged into the foster-father business. Very soon mother and child were comfortably installed in a battered villa at a nearby beach resort, and willing Kiwis were forging far and wide for suitable furniture and notions.

From the grateful mother the boys learned that her husband had taken off with true Italian promptitude when the shells started coming in, and was last seen heading north at high speed. Of three houses once owned by this once prosperous couple not one had survived the bombardment. The mother took everything

with the stored cash of Italian womanfolk.

The hunt was on. A general description of the defuncting husband was circulated throughout the Division, with instructions that if found he was to be returned in, unobtainable conditions to Vucoria. Gifts, including a magnificent streamlined personneler, poured in. It was soon plain that the youngster's foster-father numbered thousands.

An ancient hag was found to act as nurse, but her standards of cleanliness were soon questioned by a committee of maternal experts from the platoon. She was demoted to janitor, and the boys took over.

When a few days later the platoon moved on, its task was willingly taken over by the incoming unit. Cocky was nervous at a cut until he had assured himself that the newcomers knew their responsibility. He was pleased to find that a fellow farmer, one Stern, from Warden, immediately took over the leadership of the new team of foster-fathers.

Stern, who was a bit of a rough dometed and a dangerous man in an argument, brought the nearest old adobe-masonry centre for meat, milk, and baby food. Another committee of worried men was formed which directed suitable exercise for mother and child and drew up a center of fatigues for food preparation.

Visitors from all over the area were now becoming a nuisance, and as everyone brought something along as gift and admission fee, the youngster soon had a supply of food sufficient to see him well into manhood, and toys enough to fit out a kindergarten.

Those who dropped in were well

rewarded, however, by the sight of as tough a bunch of fighting men as you could find in the Kawi Division setting as nameless to the lead of the nation. It was even money they would find the sergeant, a hard-bitten "dirty-warrior, peering the prison while the cops, an MM, and twice wounded, argued the case with a couple of recent reinforcements who were fairly men about the efficiency of condensed milk and army biscuit as a body-builder.

Enthusiastic warblers had the usual strings of white burning flying which signify the presence of the Boss. The mother spent most of her time sitting in an armchair on the terrace, feeling at once dazed, grateful, and anxious for the safety of her fine-born. It was generally supposed that the lady was an invalid, though in the normal course of Italian events she would have been back in the fields long before.

Cocky, peering back down the road in a borrowed jeep every time he could be spared from the well-lagged dishes along the Ribicon that were the heart, was always an honored guest. He would spend hours discussing the problems of fatherhood, and soon the youngster became known throughout the Division as "Cocky's kid."

As last the search for the husband bore fruit. Following a slender chain of evidence, a party tracked him down to the village of Bellaria, just inside our lines. He was dragged back none too gently, and handed over to the security people who gave him a thorough grilling. Among other things, he admitted that he had been a tailor of sorts before prosperity overtook him.

"I'll need to have someone else see this because the severing of a type of glass which, with cellulose as an ingredient, contains a hundred full-ton crystals in the square inch. Photographs reveal through a sheet of this glass suddenly send out and look like needles of the subject. Someone can find out where steel is likely to break by scanning models of engineering projects through this window screen, and it also has uses in medicine and surgery."

That was enough for Steve. A quick search of the neighbourhood produced a sewing machine. That, and a large sign outside the villa "Tailoring done here" put the man back in business, which turned as a belated cause of bitterness signalled the official beginning of winter.

Now that would have been the end of the story had not the mother decided it was high time that her offspring was christened. Now as I said before, she was very grateful to Cocky, and probably shared the low opinion the boys had of the behaviour of her spouse. One day, soon after he had arrived on a tour of inspection, she dropped it on him.

Would the signer consent to have his name bestowed on the baby?

Well, that was another matter altogether. It was one thing to extend the common benefits of human sympathy to a poor victim of circumstance, but another matter altogether to go so far as bestowing a good New Zealand name upon a child who was an enemy alien with

nothing to connect it (to us), except that it had been a keen embarrassment, if not a downright nuisance. That did not deter us, however, from advising Cocky that he should gracefully and generously accept the honour.

"Well no!" exploded Cocky in shocked surprise. Before anyone could stop him he had headed into his jeep and was heading north again for the lines and the comparative safety of quarrels and misbehavior. Not in the next few days did he show any signs of returning.

The time for the christening drew near, but interrogation of Cocky's robbers failed to reveal a clue. A search of the pay roll showed initials only, which were not of much help. It was plain that Cocky, while perfectly happy with his nickname, had his own reasons for wanting his Christian name forgotten. At last Steve took action, and headed north.

"Look here, Cocky," he said firmly, confronting the defaulter in a stone cellar which was serving as a secret meeting place. "I don't know what crime you've committed, but I want that name. For the honour of the show, you've got to come screen. If you don't, I'll see your stopper, and get it that way."

"Oh, hell!" gulped Cocky, hanging his head. His ears and the back of his neck slowly turned a dusky red. "Next time I guess I'll call the Doc. It's—gulp—er's Ours!"

Steve wheezed off back to the township in high glee, and the following day the baby (poor kid) was officially christened Oscar Kiva Maramba in the battered church of Viorba.

"Well frankly, I don't reckon

you've proved your case," said Sherry, getting in before the Professor as the story finished. "Obviously this Cocky bloke did a good job in the first place—but what a shakedown did he turned out to be after all! Nobody but a country bumpkin would go to all that trouble to dodge giving his name."

Well, that's a matter of opinion in any circle, but it *is* certainly a fact—and an undeniable fact to me—that Cocky did go to just as much trouble as that. And I wouldn't be

the one to suggest or agree that he was to be accurately described as a "country bumpkin." But the Professor had a final thought.

"That may be so, Sherry," commented the Professor. "But here's a strange thing. As treasurer of the club, I've just been checking over the enrolment forms, and I see that one or two members have put their initials only where we ask for full names. See, here a one. Ah—what did you say your Christian names were, Sherry?"

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



THEY PERLEY WENT TO THE GLEN PRODUCE MARKET DANCE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB ON THE CONDITION THAT HE COULD LEAVE EARLY, BUT WHAT WITH SPENDING AN HOUR OR TWO TRYING TO LOCATE HIS CAR, AND ANOTHER COUPLE OF HOURS WAITING FOR CARS TO SHIN OUT A LITTLE SO HE COULD MOVE, HE WAS AMONG THE LAST TO GET AWAY

CLARENCE KANE

P a s s i n g S e n t e n c e s

Skiing is a sport that people learn in several attempts.

There is no wholly satisfactory substitute for brains, but silence does pretty well.

"Rooms to Rent" ad: Lady, furnished bed-sitting room, kitchenette, fast as possible, separate entrance.

Overheard: It's all there in his expense account, down in black and blonde.

The modern girl is one who'd rather be well favored than well informed.

The difference between a prejudice and a conviction is that you can explain a conviction without getting mad.

Adolescence: The period in which children begin to question the answers.

A politician is one who thinks of the next election; a statesman is one who thinks of the next generation.

Gold: A metal men dig out of holes for dentists and governments to put back in.

The road to success is full of women pushing their husbands along.

Friends: Two women mad at the same person.

A woman looks on a secret in two ways; either it is not worth keeping, or it is too good to be kept.

Business for sale ad: Health food manufacturer, business established over 20 years. Reason, all health.

It's not the number of persons per square mile that counts, it's the number of square persons per mile.

Radio: An advertisement with knobs.



View from a Hill-top pleasantly pooled by
Universal-International's Mamma Stewart.





The Woman ALWAYS PAYS

"Now what am I offered for this fine specimen of Currensey womanhood? Born and bred in this country, she was Twenty-eight years old and sound in tooth and flesh. Look her over, men. What'll buy?"

There was a certain amount of excitement in old Sydney's Rocks area when this announcement was made one fine summer's day in December, 1925. A man named Martin Wheeler had placed a halter around the neck of his wife, Mary Wheeler, and had led her out into the street where he now offered her for sale to the highest bidder.

"But a man can't sell his wife like that," and one of the Sterling women recently arrived in the colony.

"Oh, yes he can," she was told. "That's the way he divorces her."

"Well, I've never heard the like," the Sterling woman said.

"This is not England, you know," a Currensey lass told her. "This is New South Wales. In fact, it's The Rocks. We do things differently hereabouts."

"Now that's a fine lot," Martin Wheeler told his audience. "A bit sharp on the tongue, but if you'll look at her, you'll see other compensations."

The men in the audience laughed and looked at the other compensations, which were obvious. Smiling with the halter around her neck, Mary Wheeler raised their money. She seemed a bold, lively lass for any man.

"I bid two shillings," a wag in the crowd shouted, and there was more laughter.

Mary Wheeler's eyes flashed, and then she laughed with the crowd

and said, "Mind you, let none of you men take me too cheaply," and it was this show of wit that started the bidding in earnest.

"One shilling," was bid by an old man.

"Come on, you can do better than this," Martin Wheeler told him.

"I won't be an old man's darling," cried Mary. She singled out a tall under from the crowd and addressed him, "You'll bid two shillings, won't you?"

"I'll bid four, and if you're a shrew, I'll take you," the under said, coming forward. He held the money in a fist the size of a young pumpkin. Mary Wheeler advanced the five shillings on his arm, and the breadth of his chest.

"Now, then," said Martin Wheeler, taking the money and at the same time wrapping the halter from Mary's neck. "Good-bye, Mary," he said. "You're a fine man, and you're a fine woman."

But the judge who some months later sued Mary Wheeler on a charge of larceny did not take this same view of the matter. Mary's plea that she had been divorced from her husband saved him out of all. It was necessary, the judge said, for people at the time the prisoner came from to understand that a man bringing his wife with a halter around her neck, and selling her, did not intend the marriage.

For her bigamous marriage to the under, Mary Wheeler was sentenced to spend six months in a place of correction. As far as the courts show, her husband Martin received no punishment. It was a man's world in Sydney in 1925.





CONTINUED

HE HATED LIKE HIS FATHER

A traditional enemy of his family was dying — Andreas had to save him.

☆ RODGERICK THREW.

FROM the facing hillside across the valley, little puffs of smoke went out and hung like feathers in the still sunlight. At the same time the bullets from the rifles splattered into the ground where Andreas was lying on his belly, and little showers of sand and chips of rock rose and fell.

Andreas laughed. The party men had been lying on the hillside for a day and a night, trying to take the village. Now it was morning

again, and they were still there.

There was nothing new about this. As the day wore on the party men would crawl through the hills and around and behind the village, and there would probably be hand to hand fighting when the sun went down. It was part of living on the border, high in the mountains. It was tradition.

Andreas and his men had got out of the village into scrubland as soon as they knew of the raid. They had



he was forcing desperately against a great, wide-shouldered breast.

men holding them, but they didn't know for how long.

The attack had stopped. Lying there on the side of the steep, snow-covered hill, Andreas thought of the only things he knew, the things that always happened among those hills from the dawn of time. Probably he thought of John, and of John's family.

His cousinhood, when he was a boy, his father and uncle were teaching him to use an old, long-nosed Turkish rifle. They had been sprawled on their belly on the hillside above a road, just as he was sprawled now, waiting for the

said. Only that day Andrews had been boasting in a boyish way that he could hit a moving target, and his uncle and his father were laughing at him.

Just then a man came round the bend of the road, riding down the road on a good horse, and Andrews had said, "I could hit that."

His uncle laughed and said, "Oh, but he's only moving slowly."

His father said, "You can try if you like; it's old Anapolous."

Something made Andrews go cold when he heard that name, boy though he was. Anapolous was a family he had been taught to hate three cradle days. To his old Anapolous was more than temper poison; it was part of the life and credence of a family—his family, and its long feud. He raised the rifle, steadied it, appeared the trigger slowly, and wounded Anapolous in the arm.

In the following years more than one Anapolous bullet had clipped into the ground at Andrew's feet. The cause in his ear, where the lobe was half chewed away, was the nearest man. For Anapolous' family and Andrew's family hated, hated long and strongly, and in a most practical way. Their fathers had hated, and their grandfathers, and the honorable old men before them. And all of this came back to Andrew when he thought of John, because John was John Anapolous.

The riders began to fire again.

Firing in the daylight. That meant they were strong in numbers. Andrews knew, just as he knew the names of the flowers, how those things went. He knew that the people they had held in check might well be a

small advance party. Their purpose would be to get them out into the fields, away from the village.

Paulus crowded up through the grass and lay motionless beside Andrews.

"It's all right in the village," he said. "They've covered down there. Half of our rifles lie on rooftops."

"Good," Andrews greeted. He averted along the barrel of his rifle and fired a careful shot at the dismounted head that came round a rock. He couldn't see the result.

"There's a party holding the road," Paulus said. "A strong party."

Andrews lowered his rifle. "Good," he greeted again.

"If we can hold the hill . . ."

Paulus said, and let his words die.

"We can," Andrews said.

They lay there and waited. Andrews told Paulus something, and Paulus crowded away as silently as he had come. A few more shots from the riders clipped down the hillside. There was no answering fire.

They kept lying there, silently. The sun grew hot. Presently the top of the hillside suddenly broadened; the riders, misled by the darkness, were coming down. They swarmed down, perhaps a hundred of them. Andrews blew his horn and jumped up. All the defenders of the village jumped up, firing their rifles and taking their positions with fixed bayonets.

The riders went to ground and began to fire back.

The scene became too quick for one man's eye to see the detail. But presently the riders and the village men went hand to hand, swords and bayonets flashing and clapping, and Andrews, a flesh wound burning his thigh, a great bill handle rising at

his, had no time to think of John Anapolous, or anything else, except fighting.

It was like that until Andrews realized that he had nobody to attack. Then he looked around. He saw the riders retreating up the hillside. And he saw John.

John was a short man, and stocky. When Andrews saw him he was fighting desperately against a great, wide-shouldered brigand.

Down John's face was a great scar; the blood dripped from it as he fought. There was a rent in John's blouse, and around the rent was blood.

Andrews thrilled—thrilled that the bandits had been beaten, and that his enemy, John Anapolous, was being beaten and killed.

The thief died in a second. As quickly as that. Then, with a great loud Andrew charged upon the two. The gigantic brigand swung his rifle in a wide circle, violently, and Andrews stopped, crouched, wove for an opening, and went in under the rifle butt, a short knife gleaming in his hand.

They engaged each other for a minute, Andrews and the rider; then John swung in, crouched on his feet, tripped, and went down.

Andrew and the rider had the field to themselves; it seemed as though nobody in the world was aware of them. They fought, parrying blows, passing their thoughts as they fought with their daggers.

The hill brigand met twice with success—and Andrews had maneuvered himself onto a good footing. Then, in a sudden flurry of new activity, he sprang in and fastened himself to his adversary like a dog

to the throat of a bull. Up and down his short knife flashed, once, again, three times, yet again. The great bulk of the brigand collapsed on the earth, and the life breath rushed out of his body with a ragging hiss of grass.

Andrew stood up. The sweat dripped in beads from his forehead. There was blood all over him. His burning wound had ceased to burn, but the leg was beginning to stiffen.

He bent over the still body of John Anapolous, his enemy.

John's eyes met his.

"Strange work for you, Andrews," he said, "to save my life."

"Bahl!" Andrews spat. "How could I let you die defending the village—there couldn't be a hero in the Anapolous family!" he swore.

John's eyes glanced. "Sell the food? Then let me while I'm easy," he said.

Andrew packed him up without a word and carried him down the hill to the dusty road. His leg was stiff and he was limping with the weight of the burden. He hoped for a cart, for a horse to come along, for somebody to help him carry John Anapolous home.

Near the village he passed and put John down, assest too gaily, in the way grass by the roadside.

John spoke again. "So our feud is forgotten, after all?" he asked, careful not to constrain himself.

"When you're well," Andrews said, "I'll kill you. When you're well and strong. When you're strong enough for a man of my family to conquer . . ."

That was the way it had always been, and it was that way now.

THE Little Dog LAUGHED

The shot that ended his
rival's life revealed a secret

★ RAYMOND SLATTERY

HE looked beyond Vicki to her dressing-table, and saw the little glass dog laughing at him. Then he looked at Vicki again, and she was laughing at him, too.

"Your jealousy is very flattering, Bentley Hardin," she said, "But Tommy is interested in me only as a single. And I'm interested in him as a hard loader and my arranger—nothing more."

She turned back to the mirror, fixing her black, shining hair. She looked cool and sweet and untroubled, and he thought that if he hadn't known her so well he'd have been convinced of her sincerity.

He said, "Too bad I can't go to Melbourne with you."

He watched her keenly, but if the idea bothered her she didn't show it. She shrugged her smooth shoulders, her face lit with the inevitable smile that brought out the blue of her eyes.

"There's a husband for you!" she said with mock resignation. "Too jealous to see a Melbourne cup in its true light, yet too busy with his old night club to come along and look after the wife he's so afraid of losing."

He got up and crossed the room,

and stood behind her chair with his hands on her shoulders. She was warm and sun-smooth, and he loved her. He said, "I'm not going to lose you . . . ever."

"Of course you're not, darling." She was looking in the mirror at him. Safely, she said, "I'm strictly a one-man girl."

Across, always seeing, in thought. He circled her skin with long, sensitive fingers, and said, looking her gaze in the mirror, "Do you realize

*She hesitated for just a moment
and dashed the little dog to
flying fragments on the floor.*



A RESOLUTION ON ANNUATION.

Grandfather Jones, that hoary old gert,
For soap had a fervent aversion,
And both he croaked till
Grandma Jones
Brought to bear her full right
of counsel;
But now Grandpa sits alone in
his chair,
For Granny has gone from
life's stage,
And Grandpa is wighly and
heerily and hale.
Boy! Will He live to a ripe old
age.

— W.G.D.

how far a man like me will go to help the women he loves?"

She put up her hands and took his wrists in hers, and gently caressed his fingers from her shoulders.

"I'm on now, darling," she admonished. "I don't want to have to powder my shoulders again."

She patted his hands and got up from the chair. She kissed him lightly on the cheek and moved, soft and graceful in her shimmering gown, to the door and out.

The room was suddenly dark and cold without her, it seemed to him. Just like his life would be if he lost her. And he was going to lose her.

He was going to lose her to Tommy Vann. He knew it. He could see it in the way Vann looked at her, in the way his smiling eyes caressed her. The way they'd be staring her now, at this moment, he thought. He walked from the room and down a corridor to the big, crowded Orchard Room.

Vicki was singing at the microphone. Something slow and foolish-

ly sentimental, the pain of it seeping from her eyes and working in ecstatic agony to the rhythm. She sang her songs, just like she sang her life, he thought. He had met, courted and married her before he'd found out that she acted all the time.

In front of the band and to one side of the table he saw Vann, grey-tinted and tall, handsome in the street, smooth-faced of his kind. His face was just one of a hundred men's faces turned towards Vicki, but you could read the same thoughts in most of them, Bentley Haden thought. Only, in Vann's face, it narrowed. Because the others would forget Vicki as soon as she finished singing, while Tommy Vann would be seeing her again and again, lingering with his eyes full of yearning, exchanging little secret smiles with her the way Bentley had been watching him do for weeks.

And in a few days he would be going to Melbourne with her. True, it was only a three weeks' season on a radio programme, Vicki and the band as a unit; but three weeks is a long time, the night club owner thought. Too long a time for Vicki to be away with Vann. The girl finished her song, and with the crowd calling for an encore Bentley Haden left the Orchard Room and walked slowly back to his wife's dressing-room to think things out. It was quiet, back there.

The little amber-coloured dog greeted him from Vicki's dressing-table. He hated the thing. He hated it because Tommy Vann had given it to Vicki; but, more than that, it seemed to him that its silent laughter mocked him, was directed especially at him. And most of all, he hated it because Vicki loved it so. How

could anyone, even a woman, be so passionately fond of a silly inanimate piece of glass?—unless it was really her loss for the giver being showered on the gift.

Certainly, all his hate was for Tommy Vann. It had been welling up for weeks, and even though he thought that Vicki encouraged the musician he had nothing but love for her. He wondered about that. Maybe it was because he thought of her as a child, or something less than a child. She acted all the time, forever playing one part or another, so that he felt she had no real self, no individuality. Perhaps that was why he found it easy to heap the blame onto Vann. He thought of Vicki as a valuable possession, something that Vann was trying to steal from him. If Vann wasn't around with his good looks and his smiling eyes, I'd be in no danger of losing her, he thought.

He slipped into a chair, his pulse throbbed strangely. That last thought had brought something into the light, dragged it from the dark corners of his mind where he'd been hiding it for so long. If Vann wasn't around. All right, less far as he thought. After all . . . it wasn't as if he hadn't warned the bandleader.

He thought back, re-viewing snapshots of conversation that radiated grim warning on his own part, ending dismal on Vann's.

"You really have to keep Vicki from me so much, Tommy? What do I have to do to get my wife to myself—shoot you or something?" "Sorry, boss. Got to have lots of co-ordination between singer and band, you know. Takes plenty of working out."

Yes, Tommy would have been less

than a half-wit if he'd failed to read the warning on such occasions. He'd been warned, but he'd ignored it.

"I'll kill him," Bentley whispered to himself. "I'll kill him."

Away in the Orchard Room the music stopped. The dressing-room was curiously quiet, and he waited for Vicki's heels to sound along the corridor. They didn't. Then the music started again, a popular dance tune without vocal; and he could imagine the pattern leading the band while Tommy Vann danced with Vicki or sat at a table with her.

"I'll kill him," he said, aloud. On the dressing-table, the little glass dog grinned at him.

Bentley Haden went to his office behind the Orchard Room, and took the automatic pistol from its drawer. He could hear the rhythmic strains of Tommy Vann's music as he left the club. He took a van to King's Cross, but got out a couple of blocks from Vann's flat and walked the rest of the way. There was no sense in drawing attention to himself, he thought. No sense in leaving a cab driver to remember next morning that he'd dropped a passenger outside a building where there'd been a murder.

There were probably other, cleverer ways of doing this thing, he thought; but then, he wasn't clever. The only way he knew was to wait for Vann in his flat and kill him when he arrived; do the job with as little fuss and as inconspicuously as possible. His hands were gloved. He had wiped the pistol clean, and he would have it in the flat with the body. The weapon was ungeneral, could not be traced to him. With ordinary luck, no one would ever know who had killed Tommy Vann.

It was around two o'clock, and the stairs and passages of the apartment house were deserted. Tommy Vane's flat was unlocked, as always. Ragged Tommy—"drop in anytime and have a drink, whether I'm there or not." Bentley smiled. Drop in and kill me some time. Alone sadly, he thought of the landlady coming home for the last time. It's too bad, Tommy, but I wanted you. You're not going to steal her from me, Tommy. I won't let you.

He found an architect, and waited in the darkness.

It was after three when Vane arrived. He came in and switched the light on, and saw the man in the door. He was surprised, but he smiled his easy, white-toothed smile.

"So here you are, Vicki was wondering where you'd got to. Want to see me about something, Bentley?"

He held his cigarette case invitingly. Harden refused, and the landlady took one for herself. Through the blue haze he turned handsome, regarding eyes on the night club operator.

He was smiling, like he always smiled, whether he was waving his hat or at the hand or talking to Vicki. The smile was a fixed quality on his face; Harden thought of the little glass dog and made a mental resolve to destroy the thing. If he didn't, it would always remind him of Tommy Vane.

"I'm going to kill you, Tommy," he said.

Not even these words could wipe the smile entirely from Vane's face. It lingered in his eyes, but there was fear in them, too. He looked at Harden, searching the disarmed man he saw there.

"Why?" he said, trying to sound puzzled.

"Vicki." Bentley Harden's voice was low, bitter. He fingered the pistol in his pocket.

"And what about Vicki herself?" Vane said quietly, still searching Harden's face. "Are you going to kill her, too?"

"No, Only you, Tommy. I wanted you, remember?"

"Yes . . . I remember." Reflectively, almost as if talking to himself, he said, "I should have heeded your veiled warnings. I should have got to Haines out of this town the first time you mentioned it. Only—"

"Only you didn't," Harden said. "Maybe you thought I wouldn't kill to keep Vicki." He pulled the pistol from his pocket, and Vane's nerve snapped at sight of it.

"No, Bentley, not. Don't be a fool. For God's sake—" He was still looking away when Bentley fired.

The shot was shockingly loud. The night club man sat still, listening for opening doors, inquiring voices, but the only sound was the hum of a passing truck on the street below. He came to the crumpled man on the carpet, felt his chest. He was dead, all right. He dropped the pistol on to the floor beside the body, and went home.

"Where've you been, darling?" Vicki said silently. "You know how I have going to bed without knowing where you are. It makes me feel so lonely."

Now she was seeing the lonely, neglected woman, he thought. But it didn't matter. She was all his again, and she could eat all she wanted if it made her happy.

"I had a headache. I went for a

walk," he said. He looked down at her beauty, her soft warm beauty on the pillow.

"You're mine, Vicki. All mine," he said, dropping down beside her . . .

It was morning, and Bentley Harden wished that his wife would stop staring at him like that. The spokesman of the two detectives was dressing something about "routine inquiry" and "questioning the dead man's friends and the employees at the club." But Bentley hardly heard a word.

Vicki was staring at him. There was horror in her eyes, and something else he couldn't quite fathom. When at last she tore her gaze away from him, she turned to the detective.

"It'll be in my dressing-room if you want me, sergeant."

Bentley followed her there. He said, "What's the matter, Vicki?"

"I've just remembered . . . something," she said, breathlessly.

"You mean about me being out this morning?" he said. "I had a headache and went for a walk. I told you."

"Yes . . ." she hesitated. "But it's something else, Bentley. Something else."

She went across to her dressing-table and picked up the amber-colored, grinning dog. Bentley stared at her, unbelieving.

"I hate to do this," she said unhappily, "I . . . loved it so." She was standing with the glass ornament held high above her head. She hesitated for just a moment, then closed her eyes and dashed the little dog to flying brightness on the floor.

"Vicki!" her husband cried. "What the—?"

But she was down picking some-



thing from among the broken glass. It was a tiny roll of paper. She stood up, unrolling it with tiny shaking hands. Bentley said, "What is this? What have you got there?"

She lifted her wide-eyed gaze and said, "Tommy told me that if he should ever die unexpectedly I was to smash the little dog and find what was inside it. He told me when he gave it to me, three weeks ago. I thought it was just a joke, but . . ." she trailed off, her face white.

Bentley took a quick step forward, but an authoritative voice at the door said, "All right, I'll take it."

The sergeant strode briefly across the room, broken glass crunching beneath his feet. He took the paper roll, looking from the girl to her husband and saying, "What's going on around here, anyway?"

The paper had rolled itself back to the size of a fat cigarette, and the

police man's clumsy fingers took time to unroll it. He read its message aloud, read it with maddening deliberation.

"Dear Vicki, this is a funny way to do things perhaps, but I did not want to worry you with it in case I was wrong, yet just had to find a way of warning you if my suspicions turned out to be true. Not that there was ever anything but business between you and me—though I could never convince your husband of that—but I love you a lot, and want you to know about Bentley. He is more than just a jealous husband, Vicki. He is insane. He has threatened my life many times in a veiled, half-joking way, but the look in his eyes every time I looked up and caught him looking at me was no joke. I could never tell whether he would really kill me, Vicki, but if circumstances are such

that you are reading this now, that it is time for you to leave him. He is mad, Vicki. Get away from him while you are safe—" The sergeant didn't bother to read any further. He looked curiously at Bentley Harden, and said, "It's signed, Tommy Vann."

"It's a lie!" Houston cried. "I'm not mad, I'm not. He was a swine. He was trying to steal my wife—"

"So you shot him," the policeman said.

"Yes, but I'm not mad, I tell you I'm not." The killing of Vann seemed suddenly unimportant now, but he couldn't stand there thinking he was sane. He was Bentley Harden, a man who'd been willing to kill to keep his name. He was sane, sure . . . he screamed at them, telling them so.

"That will do," said a voice. It was the second detective, gripping him by the arm.

"He is mad. I've known it for a long time, but I wouldn't let myself admit it." It was Vicki, sobbing, her face in her hands. Bentley stared at her, lost and hurt.

"The jealousy drove him insane," the girl cried. "He was jealous every time a man spoke to me, and he got worse all the time. He saw himself as the injured husband, a man determined to hold the woman he loved. He dehumanized himself. He was all the time acting . . . acting . . ."

He stood there, wide-eyed, appearing not to hear; he offered no comment, made no comment.

As they led him away a hard little ball rolled from the sole of his shoe and came to rest against a shattering board. It was the solid glass head of the little amber dog. He looked down and saw it sitting there, laughing up at him.



ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT, No. 40.

Sleeping

Lullaby by GIBSON

If, at any time, you wish to enjoy the healthy pleasure of sleeping out in the great open spaces of your backyard, and your choice of equipment happens to be a hammock . . .



You will find that quickness and agility coupled with infinite patience are essential, otherwise your efforts are likely to . . .



meet with disaster.

OUT

care should be taken in your choice of supports. Trees should always be equal in strength, especially if the weaker of the two should happen to have a nest of robins, gophers, or moopies in her hair.



an insect spray is an absolute must, although hardened sleeper outdoors have found that it is much easier to put up with the moosies . . .

If you happen to be the heavy type it is wise to have a bottle of oil-paint or a brick handy, in case the nose of the priest-out-of-doors proves too distracting . . .





one of the greatest advantages and enjoyments of sleeping out in the backyard is



you can always get up and go back to bed!

MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



It has been found that colour plays an important part in health and has curative powers in disease, particularly in nervous ailments. If a person is neurotic, his mental balance or makes himself unhappy by dwelling on the dark side of life, he should sit for an hour a day in the light of a delphinium-blue or rose-red glass pane in a window. Yellow light is said to be stimulating. Stomach pains are relieved by yellow, green or blue light. Red is suggested as helpful for heart ailments such as angina and high blood-pressure. Headaches can be eased by blue or violet light.

+ + +

DIETICIANS are trying to banish the theory that drinking with meals leads to faulty digestion owing to the dilution of gastric juices. They say that if fluids are treated like solids, sipped in small quantities, mixed with saliva and warmed in the mouth before being swallowed, and apart from mouthfuls of solid food, there is no reason why they should not form part of a meal. It is when drinking loses the hasty swallowing of solid food that harm is done because the food is poorly masticated and poorly mixed with the salivary

juices essential to its digestion.

+ + +

RADIOACTIVE sex hormones have been made for the first time. The conquest of cancer may be advanced by this achievement. Scientists have long known that there is a relation between sex hormones and cancer. Sex hormones are now being used in treatment of some forms of cancer with success. It is hoped that these quarters will be made to succeed in more cases when doctors are able to determine exactly the relation between the hormones and cancer.

+ + +

A WAY to save patients from bleeding to death after escaping death from blood clots in brain or heart, was announced by Drs. Conrad R. Lee and Leonard L. Cowley of Detroit. Fetal blood clots that cause miscarriages after operations and childbirth, may be prevented by using a chemical, heparin, which makes the blood more fluid. When patients are given heparin, the time it takes their blood to clot may be prolonged from a normal 15 minutes to two hours. But when it takes as long as two hours for the blood to clot, the patient may bleed to death from a cut or from the operation wound.



FREDERICK WINDSOR

OPERATIONS WITHOUT FEAR

Death no longer hangs over the patient who undergoes surgery

THAT pain in the side may be nothing more than a symptom of indigestion, but it is apt to conjure up the worst kind of pictures of surgeons in white gowns and the anesthetic mask and quiet hush of the operating theatre.

Whether it does turn out to be indigestion or something of a more serious nature, the pain should not be a cause of despair.

There is a ninety per cent. chance it will be nothing you should worry about, and the other ten per cent. of chance, that some kind of operation will be necessary, should no longer be regarded as the bogey it has been in the past.

One small example of the advance made is the simple case mentioned above, tonsillectomy. Where a general anesthetic used to be neces-

sary, the patient can now get by with a local anesthetic in an operation that takes only a few moments and has less after effect than ever before.

For the larger example, consider the various surgery has had in combating one of the greatest post-operative killers, pulmonary embolism. This was a dramatic form of death, more often than not occurring when the recovering patient first got out of bed, sometimes even at the point where relatives were waiting downstairs with a taxi for the patient to go home.

The embolism is a blood clot that fills the veins in one section of a lung, shutting off the oxygen supply. Where the clot came from was a mystery the surgeons set out to unravel. There was some urgency in

this, since the only operation that could prevent death in this case was one needing such speed and skill that few could seldom be brought together in time.

Surgeons attacked the lung clot with those of another often encountered post-operative symptom, phlebitis, where the leg of the patient became swollen through clot formation in the veins there.

Research led them to the conclusion that there was no connection between the two, since the clot in the leg veins were too firmly sealed to the walls of blood vessels to come adrift and reach the lung.

Little progress was made until the discovery of a set of chemical substances which could be injected into the blood stream and serve to cut a shadow in the X-ray.

From the X-ray pictures of post-operative patients, the surgeon can now locate the potential lung embolism while it is still in the leg veins. He will then incise above the position of the clot, and tie the vein. In a short time other veins have taken over the work of the sealed one.

It is even possible in this way to prevent a clot reaching the lung after it has passed out of the vein system of the leg, by tying off the main blood return route from both legs.

So the constant menace of lung embolism was overcome, many lived who would otherwise have been marked for death, and there were fewer grey-headed surgeons in the world. For the future is the possibility that a recently discovered set of anti-coagulant drugs will prevent blood clot forming and render this type of surgery unnecessary.

There are still masses of worried surgeons because so many people are reluctant to undergo some of the small operations that would make later and major operations unnecessary.

Consider for example the numbers of men and women who needlessly suffer the inconvenience and pain associated with varicose veins, when surgery is the swift and painless treatment that could relieve the condition in less time than it takes to read this article.

There are two procedures. First the backflow of blood from the deep vessels of the legs into the swollen veins is checked surgically, and then into the empty dilated veins is injected a mild irritant which makes the blood vessel walls adhere to one another, eliminating the old passages and forcing the blood into the deeper and normal channels.

Toward early enough, various veins are simple things to get rid of, the operation requires only a local anesthetic, leaves only a minute and hidden scar, and in one case you can walk away from when it is over.

Whether you "believe" in operations or not, they are often forced on you by circumstance, and some of the associated fear may be removed by knowledge of what is to be faced. A person who has a decayed tooth needing surgical removal may be afraid to have it extracted because he or she is a "bleeder." The surgical dentist has the answer to this in an injection which stops quite a lot of the bleeding, and transforms the blood that does come up into a frothy substance not unlike cotton wool.

Removal of the tonsils or the

appendix are now simple operations requiring little fortitude on the part of the patient. Many people suffer the mental anguish caused by the presence of those unsightly blisters you read about, when electro-surgery could remove these in quick time.

Consider the toll taken by this disease, angina pectoris, and what surgery is able to show as results of its new techniques in the fight against death from this complaint. Up to a very few years ago, angina was in the "hopeless" class. Then surgeons tried new operative methods, some of them successful. One was to increase the blood supply of the original heart by attaching to it other tissues through which blood was to flow. One was to remove the thyroid gland to give rest to the angina stricken heart.

Of ten patients so operated on, nine survived the operation, seven are still alive. Of the seven, three were operated on five years ago, four of them were operated on four years ago. This is remarkable in that, a very few years ago, all ten would most certainly have been dead.

Cancer of the esophagus is another killer that may be successfully put in check by the surgeon's skill. This is a deep-seated cancer of the tube connecting the mouth with the stomach. It has been cured by means of surgery, but there were failures and modern treatment was preferred. Now there have been cures where such cancer has been operated on with success, giving hope to the many people who would ordinarily die within months of the diagnosis.

Going along with these advances in surgery are forward steps in the

form and administration of anesthetics. The terrors of slow induction of anesthesia by inhalation have largely been done away with, and after sickness is rare. Patients are generally given what is known as "premedication," being put to sleep in their beds so that they miss the nerve-racking struggle from ward to theatre. Chloroform is used less, and ether is being supplanted by cyclopropane. Curare induces muscular paralysis after operation, and increases the chance of survival in some types of operations. Improved means in "local" anesthetics has made many lesser operations easier for both the surgeon and the patient.

These are things of the day, when surgery has become less dangerous than crossing the street.

From another angle, to-morrow's progress promises when new discoveries in drugs will eliminate the need for surgery in some cases. Russian scientists have reported the elimination of epilepsy by smothering treatment of the brain, and expect to achieve cures with this method in other ailments.

But even without these possibilities, the growing knowledge of such things as electro-surgery and the possibility of using sound waves to perform painless operations, without incision, on deep-seated complaints, is proof that fear of surgery, even now a relic of the past, will soon become a laughing matter.

It is always to be hoped that pain in your side is nothing more than the result of a spat your stomach and liver are having, but it will help to remember that, even if the worst comes to the worst, it is not such a bad prospect, after all.



"Don't just stand there, do something!"

A boy who went blind at three gave a solution to blind men's problems.



Six Dots THAT SPREAD THE LIGHT

RAY HEATH

IN 1812, the year in which Napoleon was defeated at Moscow, Louis, a hattermaker's three-year-old son, was playing with an awl in his father's Paris shop. The accident which caused the little boy to puncture his eye with an awl was a family tragedy which was not recognized, for many years, as the happiest misfortune in the world.

Little Louis immediately lost the sight of one eye; through infection he soon lost the sight of his good eye, too, and he was blind before his schooling started. He earned out his studies by touch, feeling the large embossed letters of the alphabet which had been invented in 1786 by Valentin Haüy, and though this was an improvement on the clumsy sys-

tem developed in Spain in 1517, it was a difficult way of learning.

Louis Braille, the blind hattermaker's son, studied until at the early age of 17 he became an instructor in a school for the blind, teaching grammar, geography, arithmetic, geometry, algebra and music, as well as leatherwork learned from his father.

The difficulties of his own education, added to the further difficulties of teaching others, gave Louis Braille a restless desire for some simpler method of writing and reading for the blind; when a cavalry officer named Barbier developed, in 1825, a code of twelve dots which the blind could read by touch, it was a great improvement; but, yearning for a simpler method still, Braille evolved a

code which, using only six dots in three combinations, gave the right to a complete alphabet, figures, abbreviations, and punctuation marks.

Because young Louis lost his eyesight before schooldays, the blind of our world today have a simple and efficient system of reading, writing, playing games, typing, telephoning, making maps, and doing many other things—by touch.

A blind solicitor in Sydney, for example, sits behind his desk dictating cases with his clients. He was an adult before he lost his sight (the average age of blindness in Australia is 34), but the loss, though it involved him in crime work and study, has not impaired his legal efficiency.

With a pocket-size writing frame (which lies on his desk and a stylus in his hand, he is able to write down his memoranda and notes in Braille, and by running his fingers over the notes he can read them and recall to mind what they mean. Like every blind people who depend on reading and writing, he has added many symbols of his own to the universal Braille code, so that his notes, though they would not be legible to other people, are a kind of "shorthand"

quickly read and understood by the man himself.

He is only one of thousands whose life seems normal because of the developments of Braille. To every blind person today, through the administration of the Blind Institution, there exists every opportunity of (a) reading; (b) writing letters; (c) typing manuscripts; (d) reading music and playing the piano; (e) playing chess, draughts, cards, etc.; (f) doing mathematical calculations; (g) making telephone calls with a Braille dial; (h) using Braille maps, diagrams, etc.

These activities are made possible because Louis Braille arranged the six-dot combination along the lines shown in the diagram.

Through the possible combinations of these six dots the blind have an alphabet of 63 characters, including letters, punctuation marks, contractions, general guide signs, and arithmetical symbols.

There is more in Braille reading than fingertip recognition of the symbols; it is also necessary to interpret. Aside from the primary significance, Braille letters of the alphabet when standing alone are abbreviations of

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P
••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X
••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
Y	Z	FOR	OF	THE	WITH		
••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••
••	••	••	••	••	••	••	••

frequently used words. For instance, the Braille character made up of two top dots side by side is a group, may signify the letter "C," the word "see," or the number 3, depending upon whether the character is read alone, whether it is preceded by a sign meaning "listen follow" or by a sign signifying materials.

This may sound very involved to the sighted person, but tests have shown that sightless children picked up finger reading much more quickly than the sighted adults who were trained to touch them.

The Blind Institution of N.S.W. has a system whereby any sightless person in the State has a teacher sent to him or her home, and is taught proficiency in Braille free of all charge; the Braille reader has Braille magazines, both imported and locally printed, available from a library of 18,000 books—these include such Australian authors as Idemius, Chase, Tanna, Hecarrex Hill, but where a print book is published in one volume, in Braille it may take from two to 10 volumes, according to its length, not only because Braille takes up more space than type, but because a special Manilla paper is required to carry the embossing of the dots.

Apart from reading and writing, Braille has made many other postures possible to the blind. Chess-boards with the white squares depressed and the black raised, with white men bevelled round the edge and black men plain, chess pieces with a peg in the top of the black to distinguish them from the plain-topped white, playing cards with their value embossed on the corners in Braille, music written in Braille so that the blind musician can feel the

notes with one hand and play them with the other until he has memorized the piece, tape measures and fan rules embossed for "feeling" by touch, maps and diagrams embossed so that their outlines can be followed and understood—all of these are made possible by the Braille system, and have helped further the aim of blind institutions everywhere—to enable the blind person to live as normally as possible, to learn by touch what other people learn by sight, and to take part in normal interests.

But the work Louis Braille made possible is carried on very largely by the voluntary work of interested people—people who learn to write Braille so that they may hand-copy for the blind books that are to go into the library, give their work because the installation of Braille printing for the limited number of copies required would be unduly expensive.

Intimate and involved as the work seems, this voluntary labor of many people of normal sight, has lightened the burden to the extent that full services to the blind are maintained in N.S.W. for the cost of about £2000 a year. Every penny of this money comes from voluntary public subscription, and all of it is spent on the needs of blindness.

New ways of widening the world of touch for the blind are steadily being found; and as each one is proved it passes into use. This may be some consolation to anybody reading this article, since the average age of blindness in Australia is 54, and there are more than 3000 totally blind people in the Commonwealth, but thousands more who, while they have a little vision, have to depend on the side of Braille.



"I demand to see the doctor!"



An earnest artistocrat thought he might as well become royalty, and did.

DARCY NEILSON

NEW ZEALAND'S SELF-MADE

King

AS you look, out over the quadrangle at Cambridge, a little-faced man with large innocent eyes set wide, and a double part in your hair, you dream of a tiny splash of land in the south. Your blood, French and adventurous, tingles and throbs, for you see there a kingdom that is yours for the seeking and taking, a monarchy and all therein—a flag, a royal salute, and a court.

The time is the 1820's. Your name Charles Philip Hippolytus de Thierry. The land of your vision, New Zealand.

That Micawan-like father of yours, still charming, still talkative, kicked out of France because of his roguery, making a moonlight fit with your mother through the Netherlands, and settling at last in England. You remember his boasting

how close he had come to the goal alone.

You knew only the stories, Charles de Thierry, that bleak, peevish room above the fisherman's, where you saw the family awaiting brother by brother to increase the poverty.

One day your chance came. Three men, you will remember, called at your lodgings. You looked out of the window at their knock, and you were amazed. One was the Rev. Thomas Kendall, a missionary who had brought with him from New Zealand two savage chieftains, Hongi Hika and Waitangi. You did not look at the thin, kind face of the

linguist. You saw only Hongi, with his great hooked nose, and his eyes beautifully rimmed in blue, with his coarse, black hair in a bun at the top of the head and sloshed with a pied hen feather.

Listening to the Maoris and watching them over tea you conceived their intelligence and under estimated their shrewd business sense. You were far more naive than they.

You waited three years, de Thierry, and then you arrived from Kendall a document signed with the thumbprints of the great chiefs, Nene, Pahi, and Maunui, desiring to see 40,000 acres of land at Hokianga in return for 50 tons.

As last your dreams were crystallizing into reality. Blinded, you made preparations. The first ship ever chartered to colonize New Zealand was yours when you equipped the old and rotting *Princes Royal*, a 160-ton barque.

You stood on the poop gazing at the glimmer of the sea beyond the steer mouth, and it seemed to you that already you could smell the spice-laden winds of a Pacific Island. But what was that strange hoodoo that dogged you, this devil that pushed obstruction in your path? For, at the last moment, your ships were condemned as unworthy.

Some time later, a band of go-getters formed a syndicate, and you could not believe your luck when they chose you as their leader. To them, you, so sober, ambitious and sane, were hotheaded. The principals had a program which included the obtaining of a concession to cut the Phoenix Canal, to ply ships from Europe to America, calling on the East Indies, Australia, and

New Zealand, shipping back valuable cargo—and your 40,000 acres, they said, would produce enough wherewithal from their sale to maintain homes to maintain your little colony in prosperity.

On a brilliant day that seemed to portend nothing but stuporifics, you sailed from Panama, given the royal salute of 21 guns from the shore batteries. You were doomed prosperously. You were on your way. Not even when the syndicate failed to carry through with the Canal concession which they had obtained and fell through altogether, did you worry. You had got what you wanted from the company.

Leaving Tahiti at last, where you had been stranded, the trade winds blew your little ship off her course, and you came to the beautiful Miquanah island of Nukuhiva. What was your joy when immediately on landing the awe-struck natives crowned you as a king?

But you felt this was only a feature of your great destiny, and you sailed for Sydney. There, in that bushy-growing town, berthed in among the forests of men in the harbor you left your ship and chose a better one, the *Narrows*.

You were so to procure a seal for yourself, and had it recognized. You had a flag made of silk in crimson and white, and you took away all Customs forms for your own use.

In your little ship, with the flag pompously fluttering mast high, you finally came to your Hy-Brand, and sailed up the Hokianga River among the anchored ships there to the actual cheering of the ship masters and their crews. But you could not see

the joke at all, could you, de Thierry?

You remembered all the strife and travail you had undergone, that all seemed worthwhile now; and you had tears in your eyes of gratitude and joy. You marked your landing by planting on the bank of the Hoko-etepe, somewhere above Raranga, a eucalyptus tree. Twelve miles into the bush, on the trunk of a giant pariti, you were gratified to see that Nene had chopped the letter T for Thierry. You named Mount Isabel after your daughter, and the top of it you built a rough cabin.

From that giant corpse, you could see the miles of forest and the flat stretches of the shallow river; and all that made up your dominion; and it was there that you openly rejoiced in the tales of Baron Charles de Thierry, King of Nukuhiva, Sovereign-chief of New Zealand.

The joke soon wore off with Laramont McDowell, the gambler and himself your powerful competitor. He had all the things you didn't, especially the althornness of money and rum, and soon your enigmas who were not keen on working for nothing, took their pockets and palates to him. Your agnophene gnomes and vehement barangan that you would give them everything once you could see the land and open up trade earned no weight.

Even when you had perfume to leave Mount Isabel, your wooden castle, and in Auckland live in poverty, teaching music to the tough and lanky young colonists, you always spoke with high hope of the domestic realm over which you would one day rule.

When in that little ramshackle house with the cracked floor, in a

hilly street, you turned on your bed, looked at the harpachord, and then at the Sister of Mercy in attendance on you, your words given with courtly grace were: "I'm sorry to trouble you so much."

When England officially acknowledged New Zealand as a colony in 1840, you were completely ignored and set upon. It seems queer that Fanny, who was at that time snooping around in the Pacific for colonies, did not make you the then end of a wedge to prise open the door of a rich colonial empire—even by war. Maybe they did send secret essays to your aunt, Charles de Thierry, and perhaps you refused their overtures—for to accept would have been a singular departure from your never-failing stoicism.

Those that knew realized that your empire had broken like a bubble, for you were the man that chased a shadow, and yours was the story of a failure. But not you! You never lost your dignity. Shreds of kinglyship still clung to you. Though it tottered, you kept your position on the pedestal of the visionary.

But that last word the word *pardon*, which you repeated interrogatively several times—what did that mean? Were you trying to hear someone—someone who was upbraiding you for winning a borrowed nightcap that was too big for you, in which to do; upbraiding you for a wasted life spent in the pursuit of happiness, a life begun in poverty and ended in total destitution? Or was it someone fighting to push past your disarming scenes praise for your motives and efforts; someone giving you for the first time in your life a pat on the back?



"I'm much warmer but I still can't sleep!"



No Space to Waste

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 42)
PREPARED BY: W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

In a period when restrictive legislation has put an even greater value on space than on money, it is essential in every home plan that every available inch is used to the utmost advantage. For this reason, one of the first things to decide in planning a house under these conditions, is not what can be put in, but what can be left out. CAYALCADE this month suggests a three-bedroom, two-story house that embodies the absolute maximum of accommodation in the minimum area.

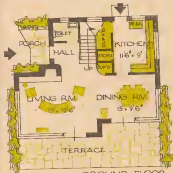
From the porch, one enters a hall that occupies little more than 30 square feet, but by reason of the elimination of walls between this and the living room, appears much larger. The staircase extends direct from this hall, and here again not a square inch of space has been wasted.

An air of spaciousness is achieved by combining the living and dining rooms, which, in themselves, are not large rooms. Both of these open on to a stone-paved terrace through glass doors. Windows make up the greater part of the walls of these rooms, thus adding still further to the illusion of space.

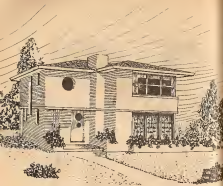
(Continued on page 52)



FIRST FLOOR



GROUND FLOOR



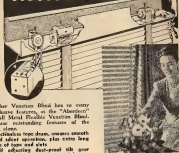
The kitchen is placed immediately behind the dining-room, with direct service. It is fully equipped with a modern array of cupboards and built-in fixtures, including a washing machine. The space under the stairs is utilized as a broom cupboard, opening from the kitchen.

The three bedrooms and bathroom are all grouped around a minimum sized hall on the first floor. Each bedroom is fitted with built-in wardrobe so that the minimum of unit furniture is required, and the greatest use can be made of the available floor space. The bathroom includes a separate shower recess, and is fitted up in conformity with the modern manner.

While, overhanging eaves, and a comparatively low-pitched roof, give the house a modern appearance that is quite in keeping with the Australian climate. Large windows admit a maximum of sunshine where it is most needed, and the use of slatted louvers flanking the entrance of the terrace, add a bright and colourful note. Several variations of the outside treatment can probably be used to advantage with the same floor plans.

The minimum footage required to accommodate this house is 40-ft., although it has been planned for a corner lot with a footage of 50-ft. At the rate of \$150 per square, the building cost would be \$2,300.

Unusual!



NO other Venetian Blind has so many exclusive features as the "Aberdeen" (Pat.) All Metal Flexible Venetian Blind. Note these outstanding features of the hand-box alone.

1. Frictionless rope drum, ensures smooth and silent operation, plus extra long life of rope and slats.
2. Self adjusting dust-proof silk gear gives horizontal adjustment of slats to any desired angle, where they remain well aligned. When closed they ensure complete privacy.
3. Automatic locking device allows raising, lowering and locking of blind with only one cord.
4. Universal and bracket simplifies erection.
5. New brackets enable tapes to be removed or replaced as desired.

And here are additional features to make the "Aberdeen" (Pat.) All Metal Blind—unrivalled—desirable.

- Complete Protection.
- Fingertip Control.
- Flexible.
- Lasts a Lifetime.
- Easy to clean.
- Noises.
- Lightweight.
- Fire Resistant.
- Cannot chip, crack, or flake.
- Simple to erect.

Delivery in approximately 12 weeks

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BROCKET TO DEPT. 2, 21 REGENT ST., SYDNEY.

Aberdeen

All Metal (Pat.) Flexible Venetian Blinds.
27 ALL LEADING STORES

If unobtainable write to SMITH COPELAND & CO PTY LTD.,
21 Regent St., City, Sydney, N.S.W.

ALSO MAKERS OF FINE CANVAS GOODS FOR OVER 50 YEARS.



FLEXIBLE

Slats are covered, covered, covered, so they don't show the window—if you bend them they snap back to former shape.



UNAFFECTED IN ANY CLIMATE



EASY TO CLEAN!
A pack of "Aberdeen" Flexible Blinds are free from dust, dirt, and grease.



Cavalcade's Picture Story

The Defeated

DANCE

To entertain the hungry, disaffected people of post-war Germany is part of a program of keeping peace. The Little Theatre in Frankfurt was made a complete wreck by bombing; in 1945 the Special Services of the U.S. occupation forces requisitioned it to be repaired for entertainment. Warblers took two years to put it into commission.

(1) **NOW THE LITTLE THEATRE** plays two sessions a day, one at 5 p.m. in German and one in English at 7 p.m. The entertainment-starved audience puts up with more discomforts for the sake of the sparks of poetry. The lovely ladies labor on stage, at right, limbering up for the chorus line German—is the entire cast of the Follies.





12) **CORINNE**, star of the show, seen on the last page Enticing us, takes her White Star Girls through exercises at every rehearsal. The backbone of the performance is feminine cancanousness, as popular with the Germans as with the Yanks. U.S. personnel at the 7 p.m. session may entertain German



perks. Some entertainers are used for the German and English performances, encourage to act in English. Their English-spoken perks are particularly clear and well done, got a great hand from the Allied listeners.



(3) **WITH MATERIALS** in very short supply German carpenters use any old thing that comes to hand to prepare stage settings. The ceilings and walls still show evidence of war damage, though most of the theatre's interior is now restored.

(4) **FREDERICK GOEREL**, unrelated to the late propaganda minister, builds the art of a new variety show in miniature, with the help of an apprentice. Maintenance of the Little Theatre is charged to German economy, but performers are paid out of box office receipts. Theatre is non-profit, and other income is used for costumes.



(5) **SCARCITY OF MATERIALS** taxes the dresser's ingenuity as she turns old costumes into new, trying out effects on a German show-girl. U.S. authorities believe that such enterprises as this theatre are helping re-educate Germans in general entertainment, killing the Nazi-built idea that the theatre is another means of political propaganda.



Study by Roy

Two-Sided Question

Here in my negligee I creep
 To a cosy dawn
 With a fan
 And a book
 And look
 A girl of contentment deep,
 But woe
 For the loneliness of my nook
 You took
 A glance
 Around the place
 Before the dance
 And you seemed to say
 By the smoozy written on your face
 That I was lucky to live this way.
 The word is plucky if you must know—
 There's not a thing here you wouldn't like,
 A deep rich carpet for carpets gal
 Large, comfy chairs
 In pairs
 That strike
 A lavish note
 You vote
 For such
 For glass and chromium cocktail bars
 For discreetly soft dull lights as much
 As toothful
 And wasteful
 As such things are
 You dream of negligee bellows soft
 Showing cinny,
 Fanny,
 Bare brown arms,
 Of intimate drink,
 And ice that clinks
 And intimate evenings and girlish dreams
 You want them all, and you've made that plain,
 I know exactly what you
 Would do,
 But I do not know what I have to gain
 By giving the things I've got to you
 I'm lonely,
 But only
 Because I'm looking
 For something better
 Than doing your cooking

MORRIS McLEOD



OUT OF THE PAST



AN RKO RADIO PICTURE FROM THE NOVEL "BUILD MY GALLOW'S HIGH" BY GEOFFREY HOMES, STARRING ROBERT MITCHUM AND JANE GREER—ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BELBIN.

WHEN JOE STEPHANS PULLED INTO JEFF BAILEY'S COUNTRY GARAGE, JEFF WASN'T THERE, AND THE DEAF AND DUMB LAD COULDN'T SAY WHERE HE WAS.



--SO STEPHANS WENT TO THE MILK BINE ACROSS THE ROAD--

JEFF BAILEY'S SURE -- HE'S PROBABLY OUT WITH HIS GIRL, FRIEND ANN MILLER--



--AND THAT'S WHERE BAILEY IS, PROPOSING MARRIAGE TO THE CUSHY COUNTRY GIRL WITH WHOM HE HAS FALLEN HEADLY IN LOVE--



BAILEY HAS SOMETHING TO BE SCARED OF! STEPHANS COMES FROM A PAST OF LIFE BAILEY HAD BELIEVED CLOSED, AND HAS COME TO TAKE JEFF BACK INTO THE PAST.



I ALWAYS MEANT TO TELL YOU, BUT NEVER GOT ROUND TO IT--THERE'S BEEN TROUBLE IN MY LIFE--I USED TO BE A PRIVATE DICK--



BAILEY, KNOWN THROUGH THE DISTRICT AS A MYSTERIOUS MAN, GENUINELY WORRIES WHEN HIS DEAF AND DUMB ASSISTANT COMES FOR HIM.



JEFF, WITH NO ALTERNATIVE, BUT TO GO BACK WITH STEPHANS, TAKES HIS STEADFAST, ANN MILLER, FOR A RIDE, AND TELLS HER WHY HE IS ALWAYS CAUTIOUS AND HALF-AFRAID--

TAKE A RIDE WITH ME--I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING--



FIVE YEARS EARLIER, JEFF BAILEY WAS KNOWN AS PRIVATE DETECTIVE JEFF MACKHAM, WITH A PARTNER NAMED FISHER. THEY WERE SENT FOR BY A CLIENT NAMED WHIT--



WHAT HAD BEEN SHOT BY A GIRL WHO STOLE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS AND CLEARED OUT. HE STILL LOVED HER, WANTED HER BACK, SENT GALEY TO FIND HER.



FOLLOWING A TRAIL OF EVIDENCE TO CUECO, MEXICO, JEFF KNEW HE WOULD FIND THE GIRL, WAITED AROUND CAPES, LOOKING FOR AMERICANS.



JEFF FINDS THE GIRL, KATHIE, HE IS SEEKING--SHE DOES NOT WANT TO TALK TO HIM BUT MENTIONS A PLACE CALLED PABLO'S WHICH SHE FREQUENTS.



SOMETIMES I GO TO PABLO'S WHERE THERE'S AMERICAN MUSIC.

MENTION KATHIE AT PABLO'S, JEFF IS SO INTERESTED IN HER HE FORGETS HE IS SUPPOSED TO DELIVER HER BACK TO ANOTHER MAN.



I'VE BEEN HERE FOR TWO NIGHTS!
YOU'RE A CURIOUS MAN--

LOVE FOLLOWS FAST, AND JEFF DECIDES TO DOUBLE-CROSS WHAT HE WANTS KATHIE AND SHE WANTS HIM.



KATHIE TELLS JEFF SHE SHOT WHIT BECAUSE SHE HATED HIM, BUT SHE DIDN'T TAKE HIS MONEY, SHE WANTS TO STAY WITH JEFF, NOT GO BACK TO WHIT.



"Dad uses Mobiloil, too"

VACUUM OIL COMPANY PTY. LTD.

THEY AGREE THAT THEY WILL RUN OUT TOGETHER--THE WORLD IS BIG ENOUGH FOR THEM TO OODLE WHIT'S REVENGE

COMING WITH ME? CAN WE GET AWAY WITH IT?



BUT WHIT DOESN'T QUITE TRUST JEFF MARSHAM--HE AND MARSHAM'S PARTNER FISHER, HAVE FOLLOWED ALONG--JEFF IS CAUGHT



TOGETHER AT LAST THEY GO TO ALL THE PLACES WHIT DOESN'T FREQUENT--BACK IN THE UNITED STATES THEY TRY TO MAKE LIFE TOGETHER ...



WITHIN AN HOUR JEFF WILL MEET KATHIE AND THEY WILL LEAVE ~ ~ ~ ~ ~



JEFF LIES TO WHIT THAT HE CAN'T FIND KATHIE, BLURFING WHIT INTO LEAVING HIM TO CONTINUE THE SEARCH / WHIT AND FISHER GO AWAY--



SHE'S RUN OUT / I GOT HER TRAIL OUT MISSED HER / THEY BECOME WORRIED ABOUT WHIT, IMAGINE THEY ARE BEING FOLLOWED, AND SEPARATE, PLANNING WHERE THEY WILL MEET LATER



SOVEREIGN HATS

'FIT FOR A KING'



...another dependable

TOP DOG

PRODUCT

Announcing
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**REDUCTIONS
IN PRICE**
OF
**MASONITE
HARDBOARDS**

Since the declaration of war, price reductions on Masonite Standard Plywood have averaged 30%. Temporary Plywood prices have also been reduced, but not in the same proportion, owing to the continuously increasing costs of the impregnating oils used.

Although Masonite is now freely available, demand is so heavy that supplies are not always sufficient to meet orders. Therefore, you may still have difficulty in purchasing all the Masonite you require.



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AWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS
THEY BELIEVE THEY ARE
SAFE FROM PURSUIT ---
WHAT A COINCIDENCE ---
MEETING YOU !



JEFF AND KATHIE MADE
ONE MISTAKE. THEY
FORGOT THAT FISHER
MIGHT FOLLOW KATHIE
UNTIL THEY CAME TOGETHER
AGAIN. THIS HE DID ---



FISHER OFFERS TO FORGET
HE FOUND THEM IF HE IS
GIVEN THE FORTY THOUSAND
DOLLARS KATHIE STOLE FROM
PAINT ! KATHIE SAYS SHE
NEVER HAD THE MONEY
JEFF AND FISHER FIGHT !



KATHIE, SCARED TO TRUST
FISHER, SHOTS TO KILL
WHILE HE AND JEFF ARE
FIGHTING ! JEFF ATTACKS
HER FOR A KILLER, FINDS
HER BUNK PAYS BACK, SHOW-
ING A FORTY THOUSAND
DOLLAR BALANCE ---



KATHIE ESCAPES IN THE
CAR, LEAVING JEFF
BEHIND ---



--AND THAT IS MY STORY,
JAN -- I'VE NEVER SEEN
HER SINCE, BUT THE MAN
WHO CAME FOR ME TODAY
IS WHAT'S OFFICER --



JEFF TELLS ANN HE'LL HAVE TO GO AND CLEAN UP THE TROUBLE AND EXPLAIN THINGS, NOW THAT WHIT HAS GONE FOR HIM. PROMISES TO BE BACK.

WILL YOU WAIT FOR ME?

OFF COURSE I WILL



HAVING CHEATED INCOME TAX OF A MILLION DOLLARS, WHIT IS TROUBLED ABOUT UNLAWFUL EARNINGS. HAVING BROOD OF HIS DISHONESTY, ASKS JEFF TO GET HIMSELF BACK.



JEFF GOES TO RESCUE THE PAPERS FOR WHIT, INTENDING TO USE SALES'S SECRETARY, NETA CARSON, TO HELP HIM GET THE PAPERS. NETA ARRANGES TO TAKE HIM TO MEET SALES.....



WHIT FORGIVES THE PAST APPEARS NOT TO KNOW JEFF AND KATHIE WERE LOVERS, ASKS JEFF TO GET HIM OUT OF SOME MORE TRY LITTLE ~~~~



IMMEDIATELY KATHIE REAPPEARS, TELLS JEFF SHE HAD TO RETURN TO WHIT, BUT VERY QUICKLY MAKES LOVE TO JEFF AGAIN.



JEFF HAS SUSPICIONS ABOUT THE SET-UP AND HINTS TO SALES THAT HE'VE BEEN GENT BY WHIT, ABOUT THE TAX PUNISH ~~~~



THE Skeleton IN THE CUPBOARD

It may seem odd to the young and healthy, but thousands of people have heard for the day they were buried!

All through history, confused by shadowy forethought in making proper and even numerous arrangements for burial back in the days of the Romans, for instance, there were intricate customs that were usually burial societies, and in Republican times they entered for both parades and plays. Under the Emperors, the lower class associations received great encouragement, but the imperial decrees frowned upon the wealthier societies, and one by one they were suppressed.

Coming to more recent times, one finds that one of the functions of the great medieval guilds was to provide masses for the dead, and weekly burial for their members. Our medieval forefathers may have regarded the earth as a mere prelude to better things, but they were afraid about the souls in which they lived!

During the eighteenth century, randy Bachel undertakes to promote Rural Clubs. Sir F. M. Eden, in his "Observations on Friendly Societies," quotes an advertisement of one that paid its "benefit" in kind:

"A favorable opportunity now offers to anyone, of either sex, to be buried in a private manner by paying 1/- entrance fee and 3d per week for the benefit of stock. Members to come, above 14 or under 60 years of age, if approved, and to be free for 6 months from the day of entrance. The deceased to be furnished with the following articles: A stone slab coffin

covered with superfine black, and finished with two rows, all round, close doors, with best black japanned steel, and adorned with rich ornamental design, a handsome plate of inscription, engrav'd above the place and flower, handsomely.

For use, a handsome velvet pad, 3 gentlemen's cloaks, 3 ewe's hutchins, 3 hoods and scarves, and 8 pairs of gloves, 2 garters, equip paid to attend the funeral, a suit to attend the same with band and gloves, also the burial fee paid if not exceeding one guinea."

Seventy-two years later, a similar poem appears in a paper at Richmond, U.S.A., offering (in the regularly disapproving of some newspaper men): "A progressively patterned up corpse token."

The desire for a "burial reward" is vivid well over into the twentieth century, but, however, people's consciences more upon the immorality and possibility of life. The little Rural Societies have given place to the modern Life Assurance offices, which have grown to be so great a force both for protection of the individual family and personal economy paid in Australia alone, three million people hold one or more policies, and the premiums they pay are used fairly to meet all claims as they fall due, and steadily for the general good of the community. Today, for instance, Life Assurance has over \$130,000,000 invested in Australia's development.

(4811)



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HAVING TAKEN MATH HOME, JEFF RETURNS QUICKLY TO SALES' FLAT, BUT THE ACCOUNTANT IS ALREADY DEAD! JEFF KNOWS HIS PHOSES - PRINTS ARE IN THE FLAT. UNDERSTANDS WHY WAS FRAMED HIM WITH THE MURDER!



KATHIE ONCE MORE MAKES LOVE TO JEFF, BUT HE IS NOT INTERESTED. HE ACCUSES HER OF IMPLICATING HIM IN THE SALES MURDER, ASKS WHERE THE IN-CRIMINATING PAPERS ARE AND KATHIE TELLS HIM!



JEFF FOLLOWS KATHIE'S INSTRUCTIONS, VISITS NIGHT CLUB MANAGER'S OFFICE, AND FINDS THE INCRIMINATING PAPERS!



JEFF FACES WHIT, TELLS HIM THAT HE HAS HIDDEN SALES' BODY AND HAS THE PAPERS. TELLS HIM, TOO, THAT KATHIE WAS FISHER'S MURDERER.



WHIT TURNS ON KATHIE, SLAPS HER AND ABUSES HER!



JEFF OFFERS TO RETURN THE PAPERS AND TO DISPOSE OF SALES' BODY IF HE IS FREED FROM MURDER CHARGES REGARDING FISHER AND SALES!



JEFF RETURNS TO HIS SWEETHEART, ANN WHO HAS HEARD THAT POLICE ARE HUNTING HIM FOR MURDER. HE REASSURES HER, BUT IS SEEN BY A JEALOUS LOCAL MAN.



KATHIE, FEARS THE MURDER OF FISHER WILL COME HOME TO HER, FEARFUL OF WHIT'S THREATS, SHOTS HIM. YOU CAN'T BLACKMAIL A DEAD MAN.



KATHIE TELLS JEFF THAT SHE STILL LOVES HIM, AND THAT IF HE DOES NOT TAKE HER AWAY, SHE WILL ACCUSE HIM OF WHIT'S MURDER.



JEFF, UNABLE TO BID HIMSELF OF HIS LOVE FOR KATHIE, AND KNOWING THAT HE IS COMPLETELY IN HER POWER, PLANS TO GO AWAY WITH HER TO A NEW FUTURE.

WE'VE BEEN UNLUCKY A LONG TIME. WE DESERVE EACH OTHER.



KATHIE, IN SPITE OF HERSELF, WONDERES WHETHER JEFF IS REALLY TAKING HER AWAY OR LEADING HER INTO A TRAP. JEFF WONDERES WHETHER HE CAN TRUST HER.



BUT THE JEALOUS MAN WHO SAW JEFF WITH ANN HAS RAISED A HUE AND CRY... THE POLICE HAVE CORDED OFF ALL ROADS, AND JEFF AND KATHIE RIDE TO THEIR DEATH.



"I'M SURE OF SHELL"



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blood. That is why it helps to build you up day by day as it relieves constipation. So change to Kellogg's All-Bran effective, gentle, pleasant and safe. Get some today and enjoy it regularly for breakfast. Your grocer has it.



A.D.41



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STORY



THE LAST BRINDIS

Movement of the bullfight could not obscure the formal of human passion.

★ DAMON MILLS

"In early dawn and gaudy cloak
array'd,
But all about, the light-bell'd
Matadore
Stands in the center, eager to invade
The lord of leaping herds . . ."

BYRON

PEREZ waded across to the president's box, the furnace-hot sand burning his slipped feet.

The heavy fighting jacket felt like a bricklayer's hod across his shoulders. He could feel the slow stream of sweat trickling over the peaks of his backbone. His legs had been shaking for the last half-hour, and when he waved the muleta at the bull he'd had to stamp his feet hard to stop himself from shaking all over. He'd never felt so tired.

He looked up at the president's bee, and, removing the fat man's from his head, made the bundle—the dedication. He dedicated the bull to Maria. He wondered how many hundred bulls that was now that had died in her name.

He looked casually up at the president's bee as he moved away. El Toro set up there next to the president—fat-jowled head as big and brutal as the bull he was named after. He was one of the greatest of the sifions, a true lover of the sport. Perez wondered if he got as much enjoyment out of watching the fights as he did, out of whipping and scolding the rebels who were unlucky enough to fall into his hands.

Well, he'd dedicated the furthest and worst of the four bulls he'd killed so far to El Toro, so that ought to have pleased him. El Toro snorted at him in a queer way, though, when he'd done that and whispered something in the president's ear. The president had looked at Perez and as he was walking away had laughed. He hadn't liked that and he'd wondered why they'd done it—

He stopped the thugges away from him, and ordered his sword from the red belt held out to him in the crook of the boy's arm.

He went out before the president's box and slapped the muleta. The bull looked at him steadily. There was a pause high up on its shoulder where Valera, the pander, had sunk in his lance and the black blood was still seeping out. Perez was coming to count more and more on Valera and his lance and his early weakening of the bull with savage, strategic thrusts. And the man was each an

accut that the blood that came with the slowness of death, not with a spurt that proclaimed to the crowd that the pander and not the matador was killing the bull.

The bull pawed the sand slowly. Perez slapped the muleta again and stamped his foot. The bull started to trot slowly towards him. He shook the muleta and kept stamping his foot on the ground, faster and faster.

The bull stopped twenty yards from him and hung its head, snuffing at a patch of blood on the sand. He shouted, "¡Ta to—to—ha, my little friend—come—come and be spotted—" The crowd shouted with him.

The bull snaked its tail along its sides, raised its head, bellowed, and, suddenly making up its mind, charged.

Perez let the muleta drop limply from his hand. He drew himself up on his toes, panted as that only his head left lay presented itself to the bull, and sighted along the sword.

When the bull hit him he went between the horns and thrust the sword in between the shoulder-blades. He thrust out his breath drunkenly as the sword went in till-deep without the scraping sound of bone. He leaned against the bull and let it carry him stumblingly for a few yards, and then as it fell to its knees, coughing and rearing, he stepped lightly away.

"Ole! Ole, ¡Jauro! He can dance—he can dance alive!"

He strode across the sand, keeping his back and shoulders straight.

An old Pencho stopped at him and pounded him with his grained brandy-soaked old fingers, he closed his eyes



*Everywhere the Elephant goes
He carries a trunk perforce
He'd really rather carry a "port"
A Penfolds Port of course.*

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and let his mind slip back . . . Seeing El Toro must have done it . . . He thought back to the days when he couldn't get fights, when he was a young novellino and there were bells to be belled but they wanted men like Escobanes, Alamos, Orosco and Diaz to kill them. Rehearsed, he had begun to mix with the circle, thinking that the government that could allow a bull-fighter like himself to starve should remain in power. And then he remembered he had received a small engagement to fight in the capital. It had not been much, but he had been overjoyed. It was his chance to show them all how good he was. And then hard upon it a man had come up to the table where he sat at lunch in the cheap bull-fighter's hotel where he sat on the occasions he could afford a meal and told him bluntly his chance of fighting depended entirely upon whether he disclosed his rebel associates' names and where they had their meetings. There had only been a small party then, and he tried to ease his conscience by telling himself it was only children's stuff that would never spread. So he had told the man . . .

He had met Maria long years after that and she had been one of them, too. But he was a successful matador now and he had told her many times how being his wife, she could not be one of them, too, as the people who paid him the fabulous sums he received for fighting were not the same people who were going through the hard now with rifle and bomb demanding a new government.

He stared on the table and opened his eyes.

Pacheco had finished, and he ached

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He made out the scraps of Mendez in the corner and the figure lying on them.

in every link. Later the pain would go and he would feel fine.

He got up off the table and dressed in his street clothes. He took out a roll of notes. Panchito shook his head and smiled. He said, "Dedicate a ball to me."

Perez shrugged. He pulled off a note and said, "Here, anyway, buy your eldest a mule. Make him a mascot. It's the only thing left in this crazy world." He put the notes away and said, "You shall have the ones of your ball, too. I will tell you something I would not tell another, Panchito. I shall not be fighting much

longer. I am not so quick as I was, and I have enough." He raised, "I wonder who I shall dedicate my last ball to?"

Panchito, because he had known Perez since he came into the sport and could say such things to him, grinned, "Praise God it is to a warlike man than that band of an El Toro."

Perez said, "It is such men as El Toro that keep the sport alive in these crazy times."

A thorn stab- ouch! it hurts



PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON
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Perez said nothing. He pulled his Fifth Avenue handbag over his eyes and went out.

There were a lot of aficionados used to pull him up for drinks, but he laughingly refused them all and went straight back to the hotel. Mimi always traveled with him and she was waiting there for him.

Lately after a hard day under the beaten sun of the arena he looked for nothing so much as the cool soothing of her fingertips at his brow, bringing the quiet shadows of sleep to the eyes he had had to narrow to throbbing dim all day. Like all successful matadors he had led a violent life, and now he was looking for rest. And he was finding to his unending surprise that the little decayed beauty he had married because she looked more like a flower than a woman was a soothing presence, with her gentleness and calm, for all his ill.

But she was not there when he arrived home. He went through the four rooms of the suite calling her name, and then he rang the desk clerk thinking she might have left a message.

The man answered him haltingly.

He said, "No, Senor Perez, the seniors did not leave a message, but she went out some time ago." He stopped abruptly.

Perez prompted, "Yes—to where?"

The clerk said briefly, "I do not know, senor," and rang off.

He sat around for a while and looked at some magazines. Then he went down to see the clerk.

He said abruptly, "You sounded as if you wished to tell me something more about my wife's going out—what was it?" He took out

the roll of notes again.

The clerk said nervously, "No—no, senor—I do not want money. It was just that—" he looked around and lowered his voice—"I saw the seniors leaving with two Hammar men."

Perez stared at him. He started to say, "But—" stopped, turned, and went slowly back up to the suite.

He had his usual seat up there, and what little of it he could, gulped down his wine, and was picking up his hat when the phoning began.

When he lifted the receiver El Toro's voice said silkily in his ear, "Perez?"

He said, "Yes."

The Hammar chief's voice said smoothly, "We have your wife down here. We are questioning her. We have discovered that she is an active—a very active member of the rebel party. Has been for years it seems. Being the wife of such an irresponsible man as yourself she has until now escaped detection. She has appeared at several meetings of the underground movement in this city. Her special job it seems—self-appointed it would appear—was to create a hornet's nest about my ears in this city. I am bringing to heel." His voice changed. It had the measured, merciless weight of a black jack thudding into a spine. He said, "We may find it necessary to keep her here for a few days. You will do nothing but keep us killing your bulls, Perez. I want there will be no diminution of your activity as I shall be there at each performance."

The machine clanked down in Perez's ear. He hastily replaced the receiver on the cradle. Then he walked slowly, dazedly across to the

A little of this goes a long way

When thinking of liqueurs, you naturally realize that a little goes a long way towards making a successful after dinner drink. Locheil realizes that a little of this and a dash of that—when properly mixed—combines to make delightful, minty—any “long” drinks for any occasion. Try them!



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wine that was left and slowly drank it. Now he knew why the president had laughed. . . . After a while he stopped staring at the empty bottle and went to bed. He turned on the mattress once all night . . .

He killed bells mechanically, awfully, quickly, as though they intruded upon his own private thoughts and he wanted to be rid of them. The days passed and he had completed his orgiastic in the city. He sent his candle on to the next city he was to visit and told them he would follow later. He sat around his hotel suite, silently, slowly drinking wine and having his meals sent up. He stopped shaving and then he stopped eating. He sat drinking wine and staring at the clock set in the wall.

Two days after his candle had left the city the phone rang. He stared at it until it rang twice again and then he slowly picked it up.

El Toro's voice said softly, "You may come and see your wife," and the receiver clicked in his ear.

He held the receiver in his hand staring at it for a long time. When the girl said impatiently, "Are you getting through?" he reached for the cradle and gently laid the receiver back on it. After a while he got his hat, straightened his tie, and went out. . . .

El Toro said, "Come with me." He followed the fat man down the corridor. Two men with the hammer striking the heavy steel marked on their jacket sleeves moved in quietly behind them. It was an old prison, built by the people who had once owned the country. There was stone on the walls like the sides of a well. It was dark and smelled like

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a dead bull who'd been left too long in the sun.

There were moanings from behind the doors. A donkey ran skipped across their path and vanished under one of the doors.

Suddenly El Toro stopped. He snapped his fingers. One of the Hunsman men took out a huge key and opened the cell door. El Toro stood aside. Perez went in. He could not see anything for a while. Then he made out the scraps of blanket in the corner and the figure lying on them. He went across and slowly dropped to his knees. He fumbled amongst the blankets and turned the face to him. The mouth was pounded to a lead jelly—the hair was matted with blood, but her eyes were open and he knew her by them.

He looked up at El Toro.

He said, "But she's—"

El Toro said swiftly in the same soft voice, "Yes. We had to question her rather—ab—thoroughly. Unfortunately, she did not tell us a great deal. And then, more unfortunately, she—she—left us. A pity." He pointed down at her bulging stomach. He said, "That may have made a greater mistake than you. Yes, a pity."

He said, "She will have a mass. You are too great an exponent of the art for her to be denied that."

Perez slowly pulled a blanket across her face and got to his feet.

El Toro coughed. He said, "I trust you will do nothing stupid,

Perez. You are too great a fighter to die. And for a outsider such as you there are many women."

Perez walked to the door. He said quietly, "Let us go . . ."

Later that evening the phone rang in the suite. In the silence it sounded like a scream. Perez lifted it gently and said in a softer voice, "Yes?" There was not enough wine in the world to make him drink.

The voice of El Toro said, "I understand, Perez, you were due for a week's holiday in your next city before you commenced fighting these. As you have used up almost all that week here we have been wondering if you would put in one last appearance here in the couple of days you still have at your disposal. We are all well hungry for the master. What do you say, Perez?"

He did not answer for a long time.

El Toro's voice said quickly, "Perez—Perez—are you there?"

He said weakly, "Yes. I will fight . . ."

It was his fourth bell.

He had seldom fought as well. He remembered once a day in the capital and another in a western city when things had gone as well for him. But such days were rare in the life of a wrestler. They were flashes of greatness that came only to the greatest of wrestlers and on the rarest of occasions.

He had seen El Toro true to his feet several times shouting his name to the mat. Such praise from such

CAVALCADE is again in short supply, due to the necessity for paper conservation under economic measures applied by the Federal Government in its effort to assist Britain. It is, therefore, suggested that you ask your newsagent he reserve your copy.

a performance was a sign of the greatness of his fighting day.

When Pancho had strided to his own once more when a horn had occasioned him a slight wound, the old man had said gruffly, "Such a copla is an insult to the fighter you are to-day."

He walked slowly across to the president's box now.

It was the time for the brinda. They put the microphone down to him. They were doing things in great style this day. He took off the mantana. He looked around the arena. The stands were packed, both the shaded and the sunny sides—silently waiting for him to speak.

He said slowly, "I dedicate this bull to the rebels." There was a sudden stir in the president's box. El Toro leaned forward, his jaws loosed. A murmur started in the crowd. He said quickly, "I dedicate this bull to the thousands of rebels who have died in freedom's name. I dedicate it to the cause which I betrayed. I dedicate it to the men and women who are dying for the rights which we, like guinea sheep, allow to be taken away from us."

The president gestured instantly. An engineer moved up to the box. The microphone clicked. He knew it was dead. He raised his voice. He shouted, "I dedicate it to Martin and all his comrades. And now, rebels, take your bull—El Toro!"

He groped inside the shirt beneath his jacket for the Luger. He pulled it out and fired steadily at El Toro. Where El Toro's left eye had been appeared a red-stained hole. Two more bullets went into his heavy jaw's like stones into sand. Peter kept firing until the Luger was empty. Then he threw it away.

He had not heard the bull behind him. A voice from the crowd screamed, "Juanito—behind you!"

He turned quickly, but this was one Valera had not been there to weaken, and hit him with all the vigour and strength of its three-year-old pride. The horn crashed through the bars of his ribs, and the sudden, quick pain had black-gloved hands on his brain.

Pancho was stumbling across the arena screaming, "Juanito—Juanito—" But he was too tired to wait until he got there. . .



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Talking Points

● **COVER GIRL.** Easy-looking Jean Peters gives the most-chastised observer, and those who observe Jean are more than casual. An outdoor girl with that outdoor look, she added acting ability to beauty, when she appeared in "Captain from Castile" for 20th-Century Fox.

● **LAW, ETC.: BE KNOX,** who wrote "The Public Enemy and Fred" (page 5 this week), was in Melbourne at the time of the "mad" plague, and was from experience as well as knowledge. The increasing losses at the epidemic (end of the story), a diet the "pusher" with this abundant classic to his thinking people did not grow out of any social reaction, but developed among young irresponsible who had too much time on their hands.

● **COLOUR.** Two fiction stories in this issue of CAVALCADE show the extent to which you're richer, quicker or dead, and the result is a welcome range of exotic color bringing a touch of romance. "His Hand Like His Father" (page 18), doesn't at first seem to be part of the modern dramatic world—but it is, and the blood feud which is the theme, is still dear to thousands of Italian lovers. Drama. "Moby" has story "The Last Incident" (page 69) has a powerfully worked out plot—but even, it is a truly neatly finished as well as fiction.

● **KELLY.** Special interest may attach to "See Docs That Spread The Light" (page 38), in view of Helen Kelly's vital and lecture tour. How anybody who is deaf, dumb and blind can conduct an international lecture tour is just one of those things which couldn't have happened but for those See Docs.

● **DANCE.** It has never been decided whether the leader that was won by the playing fields of Eton were won by the music-prove back up there, or by the willingness of men to fight for a reason which gave them playgrounds. After some years ago called a broken and dispersed Germany by making "Seventeenth Through Joy" his motto. Those three words was a guarantee. The Olympic Committee in Germany believes that the same technique might revolutionize the diffused people to democratic ideas.

● **HOME.** Every month a number of visitors will at CAVALCADE's office to do something about the home plans which have now appeared in 40 issues of the magazine, many CAVALCADE houses are to be seen, built and being lived in, right now. Architect W. Wilson Sharp says he has played more ideas where these come from, and hopes not that any house maker will accept any plan just as it is without alteration, but that the owner will solve every problem which presents itself to the builder of the modern house who has to get ideas by words with due regard to building restrictions.

● **STRIP.** The exclusive picture-story series which CAVALCADE introduced with "The Secret Life of Wilbur Mory" (last week), will be a very popular type of comic picture, and that's a forecast. "Out of the Past" (like most), is a very interesting story of very different interests—most there is a new twist in store with "Maze Town," which is next month's, suspenseful. Photographic pictures in line do not present an obvious example, but CAVALCADE takes pride in the added suggest given by telling the full story of films you have not seen in story form. Sydney artist Phil Dallas is doing a good job on it, too.

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